JANUARY 1964

Commentary

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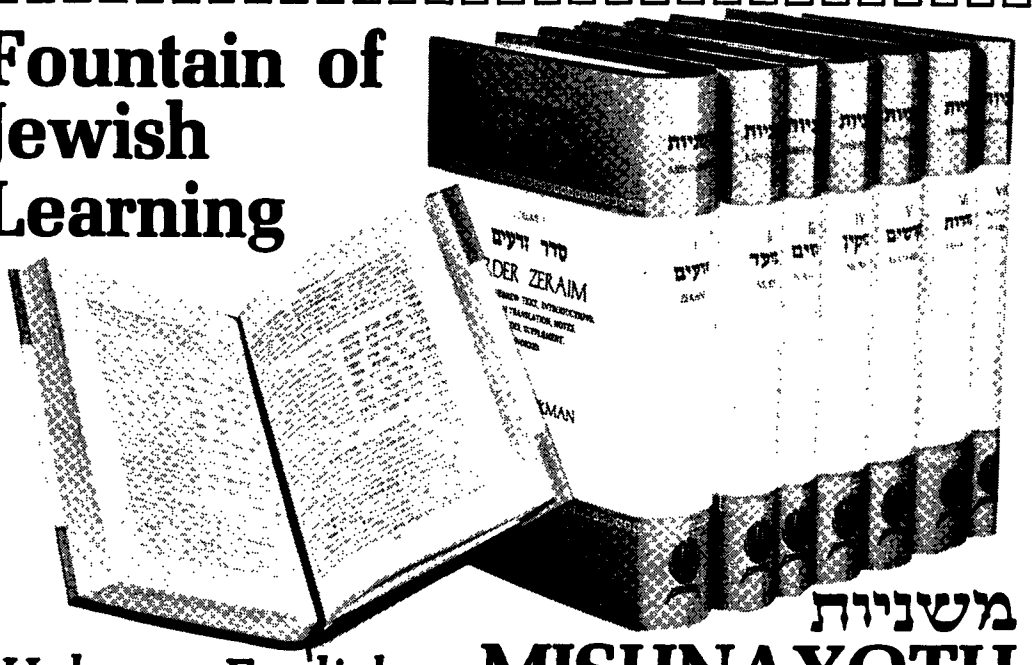

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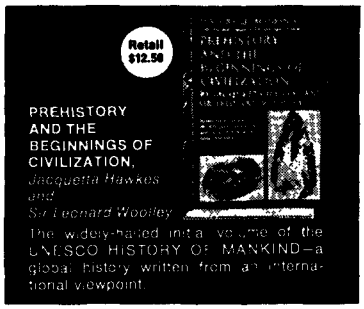
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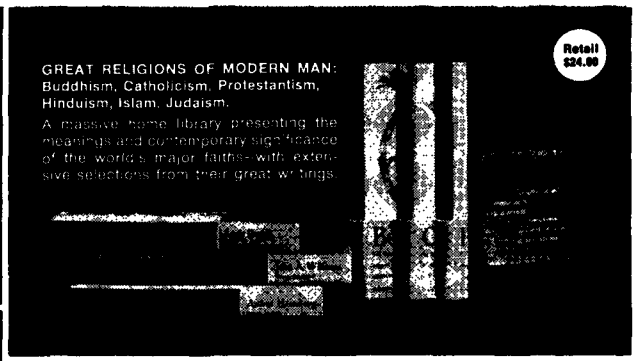
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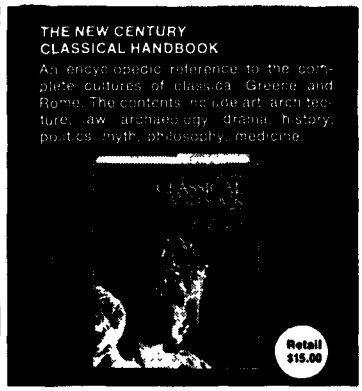
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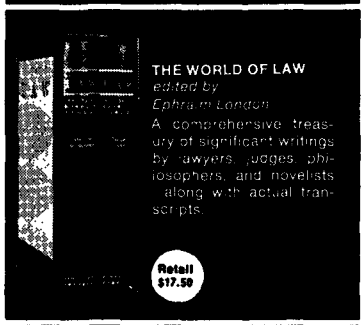
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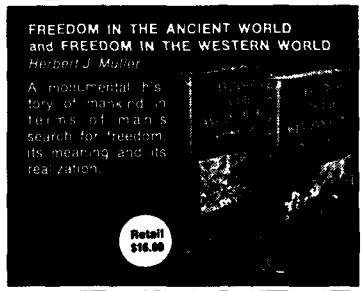
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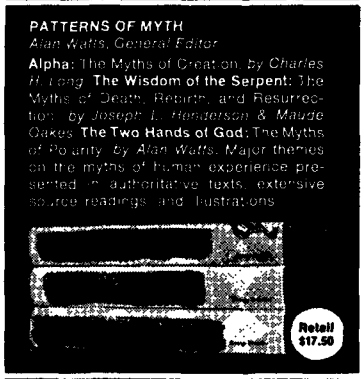
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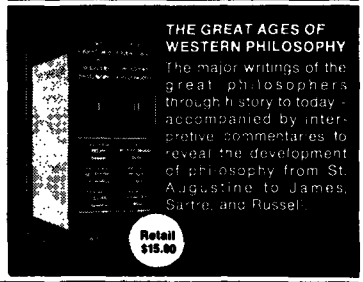
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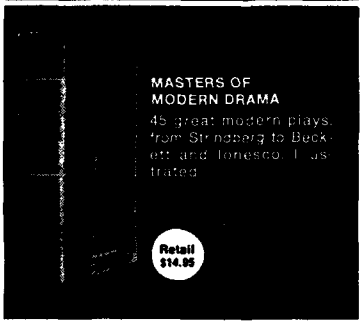

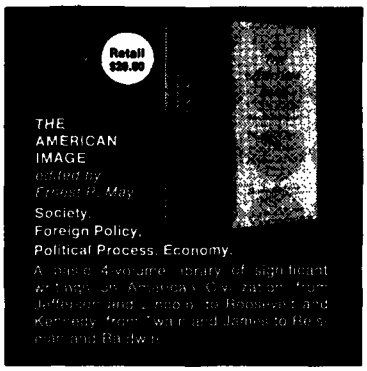

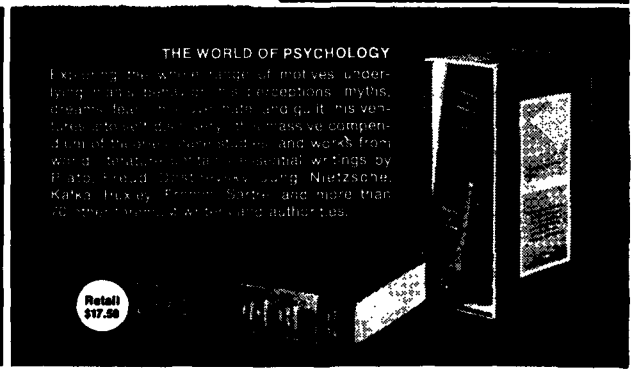

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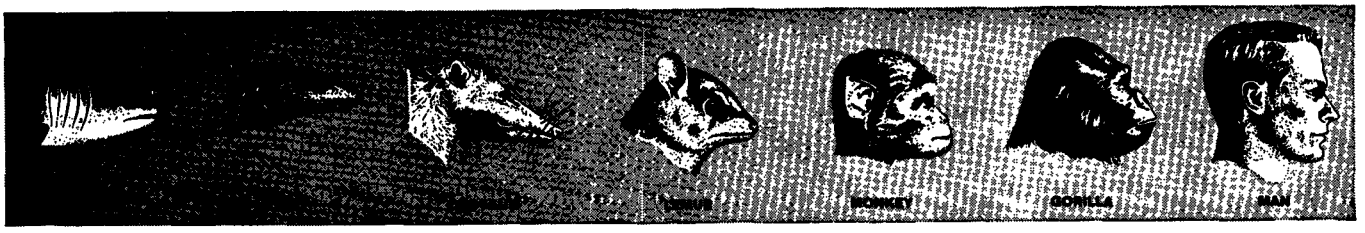

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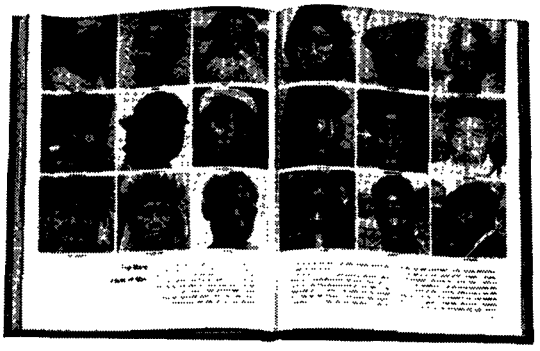

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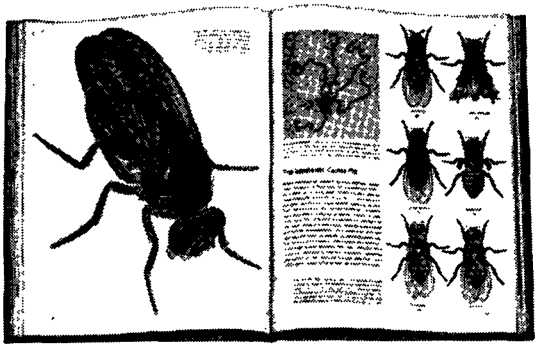

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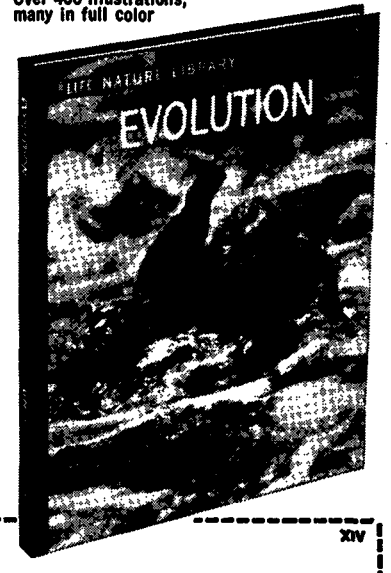

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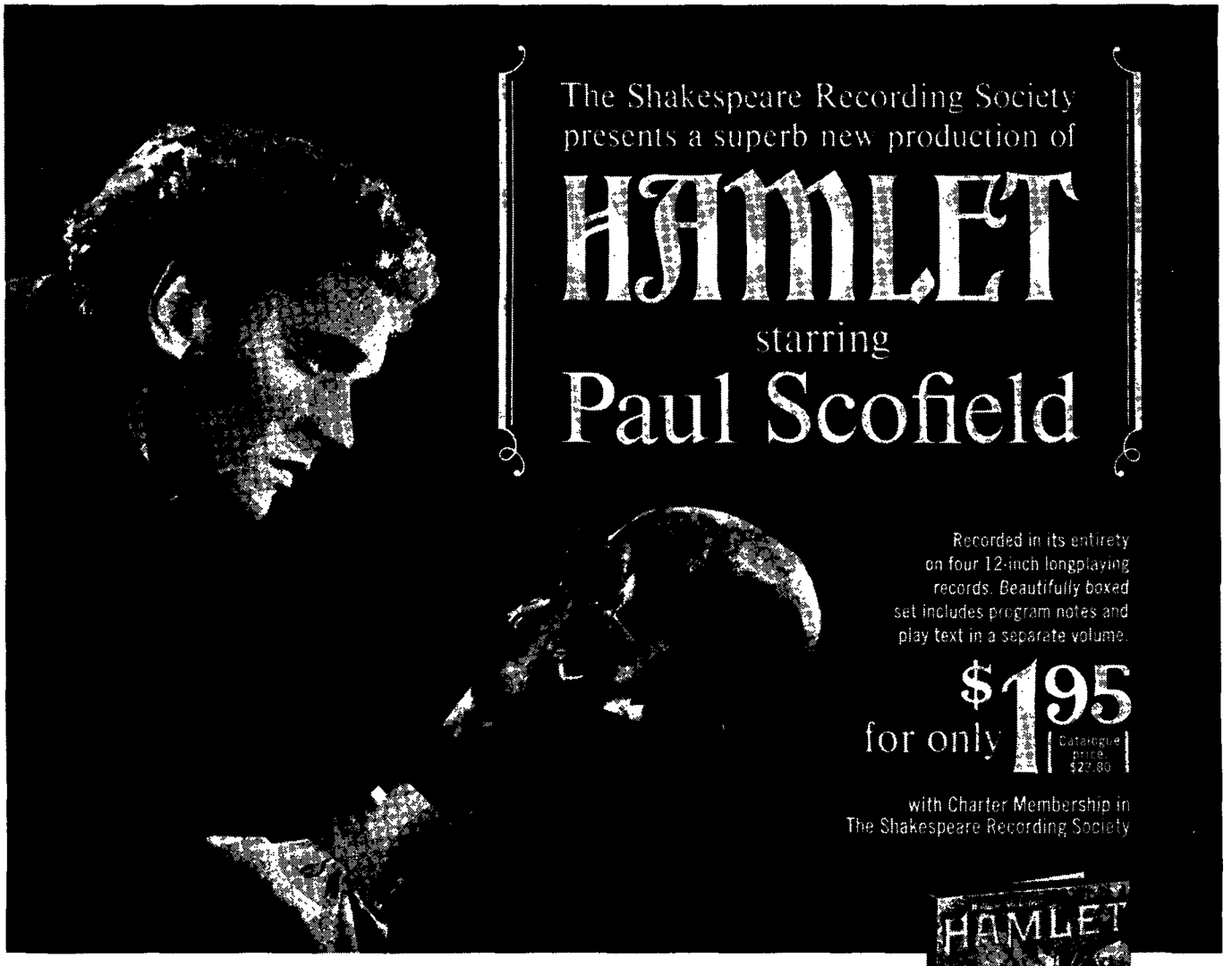
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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It seems that we repeat our ethnic clichés. Now, according to Nathan Glazer ["The Puerto Ricans," July '63], it's the Puerto Rican who is gay and light-spirited though slumbound. . . . This is a flagrant, if comforting hallucination . . . permitting putatively serious observers like Mr. Glazer to ignore ravaging contradictions in the Puerto Rican situation.

It is Mr. Glazer's error to view the Puerto Rican migration in the light of earlier ones . . . to assume that assimilation is inevitable, . . . that the Puerto Rican will be merged into the bourgeoisie. . . . But it is the *special* circumstances surrounding this integration that make it so difficult. Because of the ease of migration in the air age, the better than average sample Mr. Glazer speaks of is obviously made up of many who in the past would never have left home. The Puerto Rican can go home again and so he finds it impossible in many if not most cases to make a new home. This fact of transiency has not been ignored by students of the subject but it has been dreadfully underestimated. . . . Many return, and return regularly. But even for those who never leave, return is always a psychological reality. . . . The older immigrant by and large had the choice between the allure of America and the magnet of home, a choice decided for him by the economy and geographic facts. The Puerto Rican is in an everlasting personal and community debate over the justification of his presence here.

Thus we cannot expect the experience of past immigration to be repeated. . . . Despite Mr. Glazer's indication of greater mixing, the Puerto Rican ghetto is almost hermetically sealed, and it is to the profit of many that this continues. . . . There is about the new ghettos a wholly different atmosphere. They are not jumping-off points. With continued migration and fertility at the current rate . . . the Puerto Rican colony as a settlement of urban migratory workers seems a permanent thing.

As the Negro refuses second-class citizenship, so the Puerto Rican condition seems to be heading toward its institutionalization. The Puerto Rican's doubt about his identity and place here and the ease of returning keep him a stranger even in what may be his native city.

. . . In fact the police and municipal government in general seem satisfied with the institutionalized slum. In the case of the police, any reasonable efforts at law enforcement are terminated when an area becomes largely Puerto Rican. People in such areas usually do not bother reporting burglaries and other "minor" crimes. The official approval of voting for Spanish-speaking U.S. citizens, whatever its merits, is indicated by the intuitive grasp by these men of the special conditions of the Puerto Rican future in New York.

Again, what has developed is a new American phenomenon, at least on the urban scene, of an open, accepted, second-class status. It is so accepted because its content permits the retention of the Puerto Rican identity. In fact the new ghettos are meant to be extensions of Puerto Rico. . . .

In a world of nationalism the Puerto Rican really cannot have been expected to be untouched. The associative arrangement is clever, too clever. It palliates Governor Marin's population problem but what does it do for the shock troops of the solution? What does it do to a city when a million physical and psychological transients live in it half against their will?

W. P. GILLOTTI
Bronx, New York

"The Deed" Defended

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

An author rarely serves himself by commenting on an unfavorable review, but Werner J. Dannhauser's report on my book, *The Deed* [July '63], is so manifestly unfair and imbued with such surprising ill will, that I must ask an opportunity to reply. I might hesitate to do even this, were it not that the forerunner of *The Deed* and the first detailed account of the subject to appear in this country, was an article COMMENTARY asked me to write for your December 1945 issue. . . . It is ironic, therefore, that of nearly one hundred reviews to date—ranging from favorable to highly enthusiastic—the only really derogatory one should appear in COMMENTARY.

Since I confess little patience with Mr. Dannhauser's more picayune strictures—he finds "infuriating" my error in counting November 1944 as the sixtieth month of the war when it was the sixty-third—I shall devote myself to his general argument. But here it is difficult to know exactly what he wants of me. He attacks *The Deed* because it does not "satisfy certain expectations," . . . because I do not, for example, write about the Irgun, "which would be a more rewarding object of study of the dynamics of terrorism than the Stern Gang," . . . because my book doesn't "help" make a judgment as to whether terrorism "was directly useful in securing Jewish independence or indirectly useful in forcing the Jewish community to become more militant." These criticisms might . . . have . . . validity were *The Deed* a history of Jewish terrorism in Palestine; but it is not, and could not be. It is the story of two young Sternists who, in November 1944, in the early stages of Jewish terrorism, assassinated Lord Moyne, and whose trial in Cairo so moved and troubled me that I determined years later to learn why they had done what they had. . . . Four months after their act they were hanged, and my story . . . ends. Terrorism in Palestine, however, grew in intensity in the months that followed (especially with the end of the war), and its full impact came in the years 1945, 1946, and 1947, when the Irgun and the Stern Gang, both greatly increased in numbers, took over the stage in earnest. . . . No judgment of the role of Jewish terrorism can be made without taking those years into account. . . . Since they are not part of my book, Mr. Dannhauser is only setting up a straw man and then demolishing it when he poses questions whose answers simply could not flow from the story I tell.

He charges, too, that I "abdicate" judgment as to the effect of the deed itself. . . . He will find my judgment in the introduction

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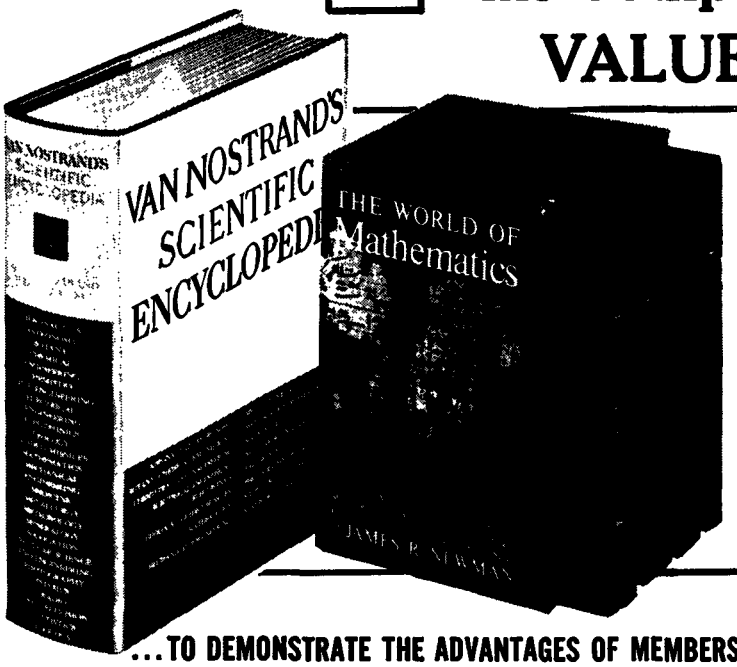

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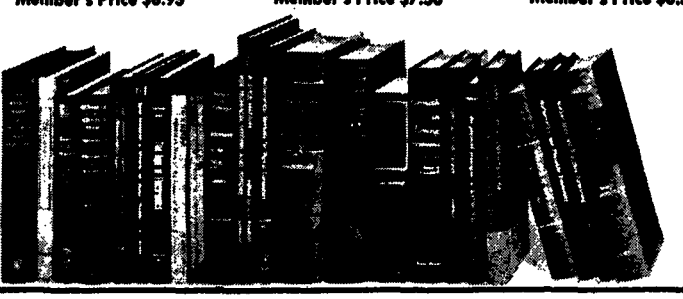

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where I state that the deed "was one of the great irritations, the great harassments, which so annoyed and confused and bedeviled the British that ultimately they gave the problem over to the United Nations—and thus opened the door to the partition of Palestine and the establishment of the first Jewish state in two thousand years." As one who had more than academic knowledge of these developments—I accompanied both the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry in 1946 and the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine in 1947 in their investigations—I submit that this assessment of the Moyne assassination is as far as one can go who is not blessed with omniscience.

Even more intolerable . . . is the fact that Mr. Dannhauser deliberately misreads the book. He knows that it is . . . a true story, an account by a reporter on the scene who obtained his material by personal observation and later by interviewing virtually everyone involved, . . . yet he insists upon reviewing *The Deed* as if it were a work of fiction, in which I invented the characters, their conversation, and their experiences. Thus, he impugns the book's validity because the characters "talk as if they were Making History." Some do, indeed, but as I did not create them, so did I not invent their words. . . . With few exceptions every conversation is printed as given to me in person by the participants—either by those who spoke the words, or those who heard them, or both. Had I wished to saddle the reader . . . with footnotes, I could have documented every statement contained within quotation marks in the book.

Similarly, Mr. Dannhauser disparages *The Deed* because it "is crammed with stock situations"; . . . "initiation into the movement complete with glaring flashlight in a dark room, chases through crowded Middle Eastern streets, plans made with great care only to be foiled by chance, the requisite courtroom scene, etc." His quarrel is not with me, but with the facts. . . . The two boys *were* initiated in a dark room with glaring flashlight, they *were* pursued through crowded Cairo, an Egyptian policeman *did* stumble upon them as they were making their escape, and they were tried in a courtroom. . . . Should I have deleted any of these scenes? But that is what the book is all about. . . . Surely, even in the interests of the most sophisticated reader, he would not have me rewrite true scenes to make them appear less banal . . . ?

At another point Mr. Dannhauser says patronizingly, "Though the author scarcely had the means for acquiring such information," the reader is told that Lord Moyne sighed in his office when alone, and that he reflected constantly on Palestine. Mr. Dannhauser underestimates my research. Moyne's habits and mannerisms, his actions on the last day of his life (down to what he ordered for breakfast), what was on his mind that day as reflected in his conversation, came to me from those associated with him, some of it from the two persons who were with him almost continuously from the moment he left his home that final morning and who were in his car with him when he was assassinated.

. . . Mr. Dannhauser takes me almost contemptuously to task for such "irrelevant detail" as who sat next to me at the trial, and for providing a Cast of Characters at the beginning of the book. But who sat next to me was highly relevant, for it was by watching his reaction to Bet Zouri's words at an important moment of the trial that I was able to confirm my own impression. And the Cast of Characters was inserted . . . for simple clarity. . . . Tests showed that the Hebrew and Arabic names were extremely confusing to American readers, the more so because of numerous aliases among the Jews and repeated titles and similar given names among the Egyptians. . . . It was thought helpful by the publisher to list and identify each for quick reference.

. . . Perhaps it would take a psychoanalyst to probe Mr. Dannhauser's obvious resentment toward the book and its author—his description of *The Deed* as "silly," himself as "indignant" at the thought "of all the well-meaning American Jews who will feel it their duty to buy the book," his taunting delineation of the author as one who sought to create "a true tragedy written with Restrained Power, Olympian Detachment, and Noble Simplicity"—all of which must be extremely puzzling to those who read the book before they came upon this review, and found it, in their innocence, moving and unforgettable. What saddens one is that Mr. Dannhauser has taken a sincere, painstaking attempt to tell in detail and with eyewitness authenticity a tragic and heartbreaking episode in Jewish history, and in the most important magazine of Jewish affairs mocked it, [and] impugned the integrity of the man who wrote it. . . .

GEROLD FRANK
New York City

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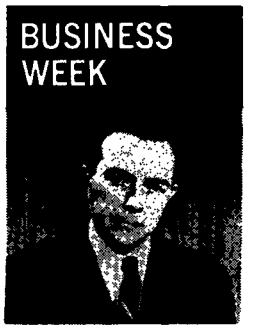

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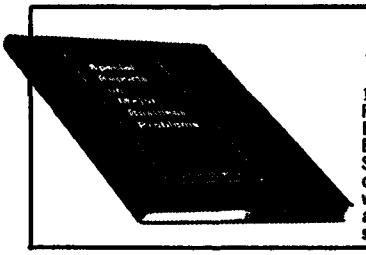

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have seldom read a review that tried harder and succeeded less in downgrading a book than did Werner J. Dannhauser's attempted assassination of Gerold Frank's recounting of *The Deed*.

He begins by condemning the subject of the book, suggesting that other events, even another group should have been covered, though Mr. Frank offers the clearest exposition I have read of the differences between the Irgun and Stern groups. Is it the reviewer's prerogative to choose even the subject of a book?

Mr. Dannhauser then goes on to attack Mr. Frank's lack of restrained judgment. He denounces the author for correctly stating that Jabotinsky was considered both an "adventurer and prophetic statesman" . . . while himself characterizing the founder of the Revisionist movement as a "foolish and irresponsible tactician." Mr. Dannhauser's arrogance is almost as irritating as his lack of consistency. He frets that the author included too much detail, yet claims that the detail could be used "by somebody else to write a good book."

He says the boys do not come to life, yet he denounces a harmless professional technique like showing Lord Moyne wrestling with the Palestine problem. These personal touches by Mr. Frank . . . elevate the level of interest and excitement without interfering with history or fact, so that *The Deed*, in addition to being an important book, is an engrossing one. . . .

Mr. Dannhauser is disturbed that the book is easily adaptable into a movie, as if the drama of the events were the author's fault. Does he suggest that Mr. Frank created scenes of excitement that didn't exist . . . ? Because Mr. Dannhauser's attack is so bitter and so unrelated to what was actually written, one feels that his fear of the book's popularity may be his prime concern. . . .

BURTON M. HALPERN

New York City

From the Couch . . .

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Dr. Wheelis's essay ["To Be A God," Aug. '63] was tremendously moving . . . and brought into focus the seldom explored . . . role of the analyst in the broader culture . . .

The grinding, slow-paced work of analysis with . . . goals, sometimes fully realized, sometimes only partially, is an innately frustrating occupation which must lead to a sense of futility and to a quest for a grand design and purpose in life. Unlike those who deal in merchandise, concrete services, or artistic creativity, the analyst views a long parade of unsuccessful lives intimately yet without real participation. Like the critic, he can only observe, never create . . . .

The slim margin between probability and possibility . . . has always fired imaginary assaults on totally new frontiers, and each person pursues the illusion that a germ of greatness rests in him. . . . I suspect that the analyst, uniquely privvy to this illusion in a way that no one else in the world is, becomes easier prey to his own illusions as measured against others, and uses it to overcome the limitations of the role he has assumed . . .

VIOLA F. BERNSTEIN

Riverdale, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

An investigator cannot expect absolute clarity or exhaustiveness of description when dealing with a system within which an act of investigation necessarily affects the object being investigated. This crucial limitation applies, as Dr. Wheelis suggests, to the description of physical systems which must be interfered with—by the introduction of even the smallest available information-gathering probe, a photon—before we can say anything about them. We can know only so much about certain processes because the processes allow of only that much accuracy of description, not because we are too clumsy as investigators or because our instruments are not discriminating enough. . . .

The virtue of "To Be A God" is that it says only as much, and says that much only as precisely, as it can. Wheelis has a feeling for the limits of description that his system imposes on him. A man thinking about the substratum of his thought processes surely constitutes as self-limiting a system as does an electron (whatever an electron is) being bounced off course by photons being sent in to "find" it. In a gross but relatively straightforward way, the analogy between indeterminacy in quantum physics and limited precision of discussion, limited solution of necessarily imperfectly articulated problems, in self-analysis seems to me to hold. . . .

MARVIN BRAM

Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Allen Wheelis's honest, sensitive, and sometimes brilliant revelations of the disenchantment of a practicing psychoanalyst make one of the few times a member of that profession has emerged from Olympus-behind-the-couch to question the validity of his religion . . . . Perhaps analysis is at last coming of age. . . . His conclusion that it is better to act as if we are indeed free, even if this means the conscious choice of what might possibly be no more than an illusion. . . . is obviously both valid and necessary. Where Dr. Wheelis errs, however, is in his insistence upon finding some logical metaphysical grounds for such a choice. Subjected to logical analysis, his quest for some evidence of the existence of free will only repeats the ancient cosmological argument of . . . St. Thomas Aquinas and all others who have searched for that elusive entity, the "uncaused cause." The point is that proof of the existence of such a primal cause is both impossible, unnecessary, and, incidentally, by no means equivalent with any proof for the existence of God. The only important thing, and I suspect that Dr. Wheelis would agree, is to act as if such a cause existed. . . .

Likewise, Dr. Wheelis's dichotomy of man as being either an "arrogant puppet who thinks he's a god" or a "humble god who thinks he's a puppet," is useful as a metaphor, but is incapable of withstanding logical analysis, even granting the author's presupposition that man is an either/or creature, whose real identity is always distinct from his beliefs and actions. For the possibilities are endless. . . . If the best we can do is chase an illusion, why not admit that it is an illusion, and carry on from there? . . .

(MRS.) BARBARA LEFCOWITZ

Buffalo, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Dr. Wheelis . . . starts with a nice description of a vineyard, puts that aside like one useless pearl from a lost necklace, and goes on to torture himself with schoolboy philosophy saved from tedium only by the fact that the worrier is a mature and successful psychoanalyst who, presumably, should have come to some working truce with all this by now. . . .

But where is the revelation? What is the insight? That Dr. Wheelis will be his own god and make his own life a creation, positing free will as what makes the world go round? Aside from the Calvinists and the Baptists, and, I am sure, some others, don't we all manage to hobble along through darkness on just such a premise?

It seems to me that all of us, Dr.

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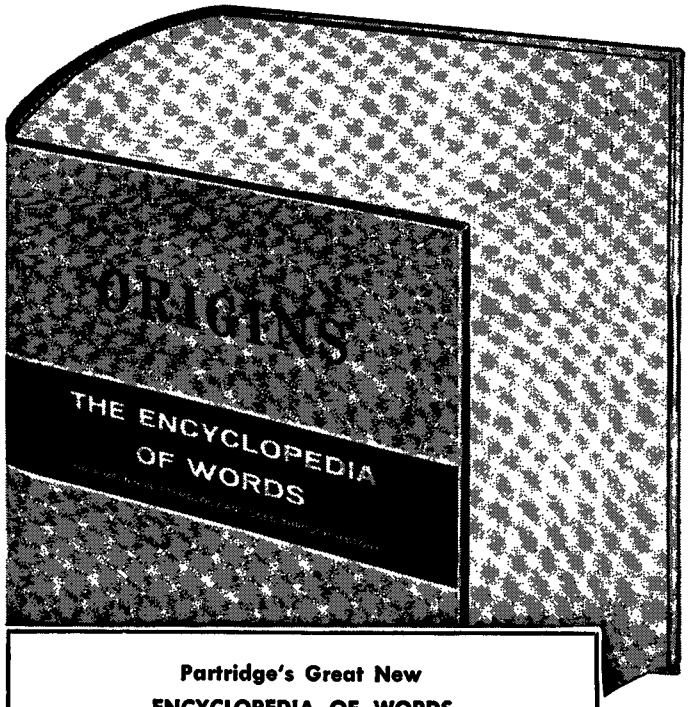

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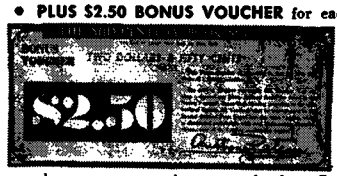

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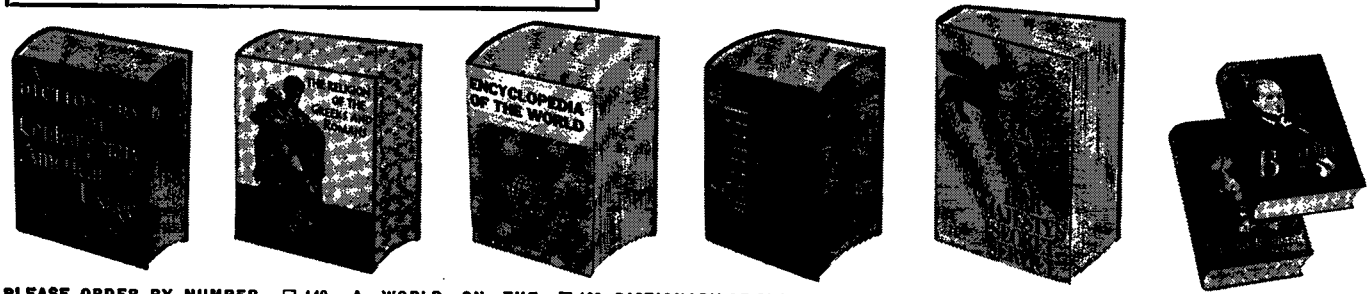

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Wheelis included, are in need of a God-concept to free us from the existentialist ennui. Either this or at least a commitment to man-made "creation," for which Dr. Wheelis says he could choose to die meaningfully. Creation is the key here, as we all know it to be. Dr. Wheelis might try taking the beginning of his story and letting it shape itself to an end, instead of carefully twisting it into a piece of second-rate Sartre. . . . Of course Dr. Wheelis could call this creation predetermined, and therefore let it depress him.

(MRS.) CAROL C. BECKER
Princeton, New Jersey

Movies vs. Films

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In a single article, Manny Farber ["The Fading Movie Star," July '63] . . . managed to list ten or twelve of the worst ham performers ever to appear on screen as his nostalgic favorites and to reject the same number of the best of our current actors. Nostalgia is a commendable asset when one is referring to old sweethearts or memories of times gone by, but it is a dangerous ingredient in critical articles.

The films and performances praised . . . include Lee Tracy's horrendous wooden acting in *Dinner at Eight*, Wallace Beery's standard gum-and-scenery chewing act in the same film and, heaven save us, John (*The Man with the Iron Mask*) Wayne in a film as bad as *Liberty Valance*. Others whom Mr. Farber seems to enjoy are Rooney and Joan Crawford—neither of whom has managed to act in forty years! Against these "stars" Mr. Farber bangs away at Jeanne Moreau, Vitti, Quinn, O'Toole, and Mastroianni, who—among others—have helped give the film its current status in the arts.

. . . Mr. Farber yearns for the false declamations of actors who were not actors but vaudeville acts. In its infancy, film was a novelty that accepted the spurious and the phoney. The films and performances of the past just don't stand up (i.e. Barrymore in *Bill of Divorcement*)—a gala performance by Farber standards, but laughable when viewed against Thulin in *Winter Light*. Our generation is bringing forth a new breed of film actor, capable of creating and communicating a brilliant sense of reality—and adding to it an art that has given the word "acting" a new distinction.

LEE R. BOBKER
New York City

Laborites and Reformers

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lewis A. Coser's review of C.A.R. Crosland's *The Conservative Enemy* [Aug. '63] is somewhat severe in its criticism of the assessment of the national mood by the leaders of the British Labor party's right wing.

As Mr. Crosland has pointed out in his published works, there is comparatively more social mobility now in Britain than in the 1930's. Labor's left wing does not appeal to a younger generation with more opportunities . . . to rise to technical and even professional positions than its fathers had.

I share Mr. Coser's distaste for the tidiness and lack of evangelical fervor of present-day Fabian socialists. However, the dogmatic attitudes of the leftists and their lack of touch with present realities is even more undesirable. . . . Britain needs desperately to modernize its industrial plant and methods, which is being hindered by the resistance . . . both of management and workers. On the part of the working class, this is an example of a cultural lag in their understanding of the class struggle.

The Labor party needs a change in its style of propaganda, as well as an awareness that certain social injustices do exist, which can best be corrected by the kind of mixed economy Mr. Crosland advocates.

WALTER R. STOREY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I refer to Mr. Lewis Coser's review in your August issue of my book *The Conservative Enemy*?

I do so not to challenge anything which Mr. Coser says about my personal merits or demerits as an author—reviewers can very properly say anything they want about a book (provided only that they have read it)—but because his patronizing remarks about British socialism in general raise a point of some interest.

Mr. Coser typifies a certain kind of American academic liberal, who, himself removed from power and with little hope of achieving radical reform in his own country, reacts by trying to prove that the situation is equally bleak everywhere else! To concede (for example) that British Labor might, a year from now, be not only in power but in process of actually *carrying out* a program of genuine left-wing reform, would reflect too painfully on Mr. Coser's political impotence in his own country. Hence, he niggles and patronizes, and suggests (dog-in-the-manger fashion) that the British Labor program is not *really* left-wing or socialist at all, nor indeed goes beyond what American liberals have already achieved in their own country.

Thus he writes: "Crosland's 'program for radical reform' seems to go no further than suggesting it is high time that British Labor helped Britain to become more nearly like the United States." Can he be serious?

My suggested program includes (*inter alia*):

(1). Nationalization of the land.

(2). Rigid control over private building and development.

(3). Further extension of the public sector of housing (already many times larger than in the U. S.).

(4). Re-nationalization of the steel industry (on top of an existing nationalized sector of industry many, many times larger than in the U. S.).

(5). An annual tax on wealth as part of a comprehensive attack on inequalities of wealth.

(6). A large extension of social security. . . .

(7). A tax on advertising.

(8). Strong government intervention (including if necessary legislative control) in the private sector of education.

(9). An equalization levy on newspapers designed to prevent further concentrations.

(10). Three out of four television channels to be non-commercial and publicly owned.

Does Mr. Coser seriously suggest that these things now exist in the United States, or are within sight of achievement there? Or is it that, as an instinctive millennialist, he denies any validity to any *practical* program of reform? Or is he merely knocking us, who are within sight of *really* doing something, to keep his own courage up?

C. A. R. CROSLAND, M.P.
London

MR. COSER *writes:*

Mr. Crosland shows that the imputation of motives is, at best, a risky business. My critical stance in regard to his position was not motivated by a desire on my part to excuse the American liberal policy of drift and inaction. As some of your readers know, I have been a founder of the socialist magazine, *Dissent*, and have served as one of its editors for the last ten years. Sharp criticism of the American liberal establishment has been a feature of this magazine as well as of my own political writings in COMMENTARY and elsewhere. I crit-

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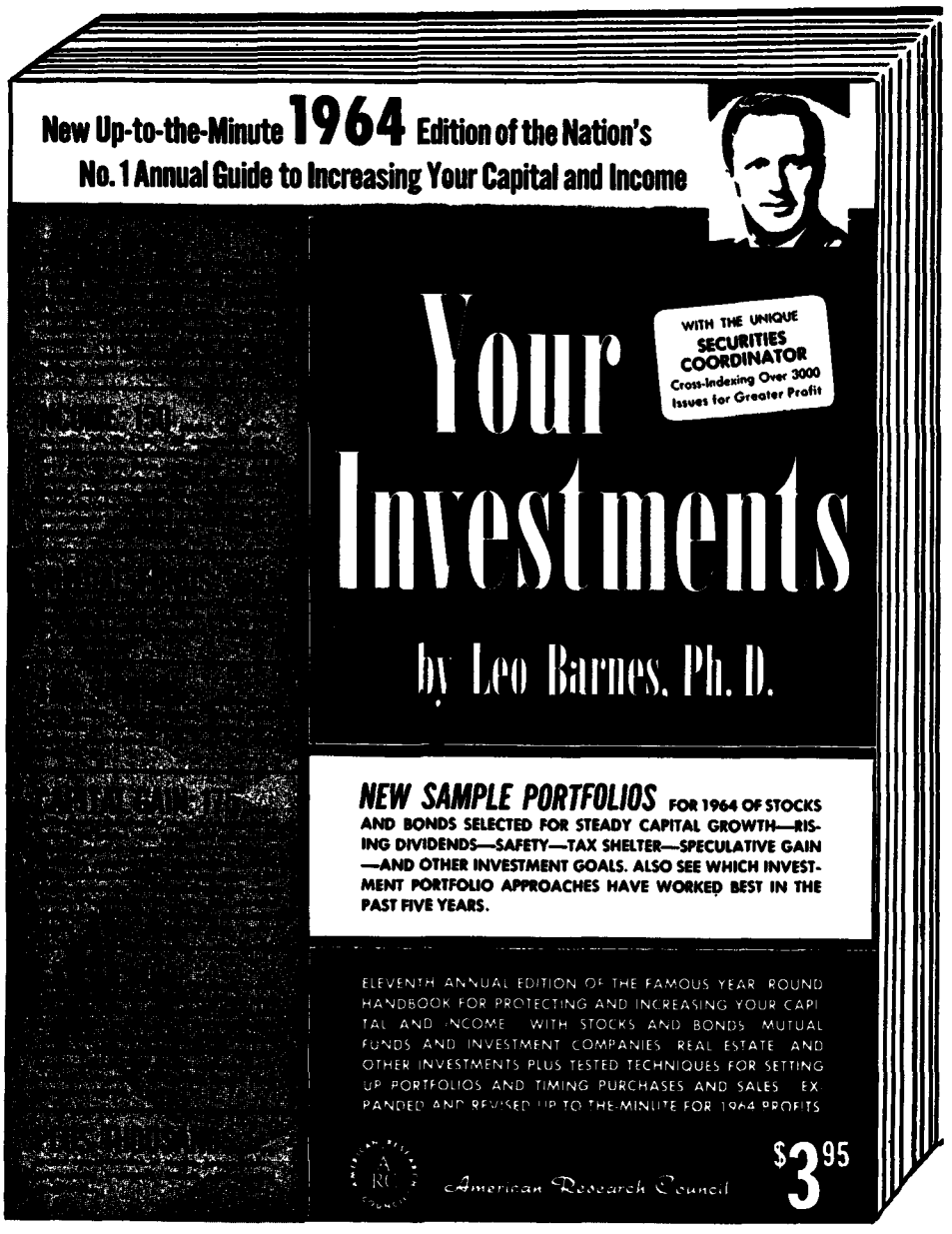
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icize Mr. Crossman's programmatic pronouncements not out of a desire to contrast them unfavorably with what American liberals have achieved, but rather in order to suggest that the British *and* American people deserve better than the liberal pablum which he has to offer.

Mr. Crosland's sneering reference to the impotence of radical critics in America and to the presumed potency of Labor party M.P.s who "really do something" reveals once again the mistrust of general ideas which has plagued British politics for a very long time. It has contributed to a bankruptcy of political thought which has now become apparent even to British observers (*vide* the recent special issue of *Encounter* on the subject).

As to Mr. Crosland's itemization of the measures he proposes, these are, as I said in my review, "eminently worthwhile reforms," but they do not amount to a structural reorganization of society such as traditional socialism has advocated in the past. I did not suggest that all or even most of them were currently implemented in the United States; I did suggest, however, that even if they were implemented, they would only make Britain into a more efficient modern industrial society. They would help reduce caste-like distinctions which have hampered the economic and social development of Britain; they would further extend the humane achievements of British reform legislation; they would accomplish a number of admirable things, no doubt; but they would not basically change the distribution of power. It is precisely on the need for such a redistribution of social and economic power that a major part of the socialist argument has rested in the past.

A Rabbi's Dilemma

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Perhaps Rabbi Weiner ought to make up his mind. One moment he is ashamed of being a Reform Rabbi, and the next he is aggressively proud of it ["A Mission to Israel," August '63]; one moment he feels at home only in the small Hasidic *shul* and finds the Liberal service "sterile," and the next moment he is advocating importation of mens' clubs and ladies' auxiliaries to Israel. At the beginning of the article he claims that his sole purpose in coming to Israel was to help the Hebrew Union College set up its study program. By the end of the article he is making a speech about Reform Judaism's place in Israel.

It is no wonder that Orthodox Jews in Israel and even Orthodox readers of COMMENTARY in the U.S. feel, in the words of Rabbi Kuk, that his work needs "further clarification."

LAWRENCE KAPLAN
Far Rockaway, New York

Depressed Area Aid

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . As an industrial sociologist long concerned about unemployment and economic development, and as the one in charge of the Area Redevelopment Administration's field operations in distressed areas, I want to thank you for publishing Dan Wakefield's article, "In Hazard" [Sept. '63] . . . It provides a renewed explanation of the need for a program that goes beyond surplus food handouts, unemployment compensation, and reliance on total exodus from such areas as a "solution" to their problems . . . .

One criticism I have of the article, however, is Mr. Wakefield's apparent lack of information about the ARA's accomplishments to date in eastern Kentucky, especially in view of his quotation from an ARA official who said he would never go there because "these places depress me." . . . I know from my own records of ARA field activities in eastern Kentucky, over the past twenty months, that at least four hundred man-days have been spent there by employees of our agency —experts and technicians in the field of economic and community development . . . . They have been there, and will continue to be there, to analyze economic area potentials, to service applications for financial assistance to industrial-commercial projects, public facility projects, and technical assistance programs, needed to attract industry and other job-creating enterprises. In addition, ARA has called in specialists from Agriculture, Interior, and other Federal agencies.

To date, ARA has lent about $3 million to private companies, mostly new ones, for projects that will make possible about 750 jobs in eastern Kentucky. A dozen or more projects are now being processed for that area. In addition, the agency has financed, on a grant basis, the construction in the Hazard area of a Wood Utilization Center for the University of Kentucky, aimed at the exploitation of the growing timber resources of that area, at a cost of $642,000 and involving the creation of 300 jobs. If full impact will not be felt for some years; . . . this is what economic development entails. An entirely new economic base has to be created.

Economic development also involves the provision and maintenance of community facilities without which private industrial and commercial activities cannot thrive. Toward this end, ARA made possible the continued operation of the five eastern Kentucky UMW hospitals that were about to close down, which would have meant the loss of more than 2,000 direct jobs (not counting those whose livelihood depends on the employment of these hospital employees) and the loss of vital health services in that area. Because of this impending economic and community shock, ARA granted nearly $4 million to the Presbyterian Board of National Missions which will create a non-profit organization to keep the five (not four) hospitals in business in eastern Kentucky. Two thousand direct jobs saved are nothing to sneeze at and many of these are in the Hazard area. The above cited jobs saved and created through ARA assistance do not include those resulting from the several training programs financed under both ARA and MDTA, currently numbering more than a thousand persons in eastern Kentucky. . . .

All of these activities are only the *first* steps toward economic rebirth. Obviously they are not sufficient in quality or quantity, but they are *necessary* first steps, if only to kindle the dormant hopes and aspirations that are . . . indispensable if regional programming . . . is to have the advantage of local momentum and receptivity.

. . . Mr. Wakefield's statement that "In Perry County . . . ARA had created no new jobs . . ." is based on the misconception that ARA unilaterally initiates and/or allocates jobs—as if ARA were some kind of WPA program under which it might be possible to "make work." To repeat, ARA is an economic development program, not a relief program: its aim—as defined by the Act which created it—is to assist local and regional economic development committees in their self-analyses of obstacles and potentials in their area, and to process applications for viable industrial-commercial, and public facility projects (which must be tied in with private employment possibilities, e.g., water and sewage for a metal fabricating plant) that

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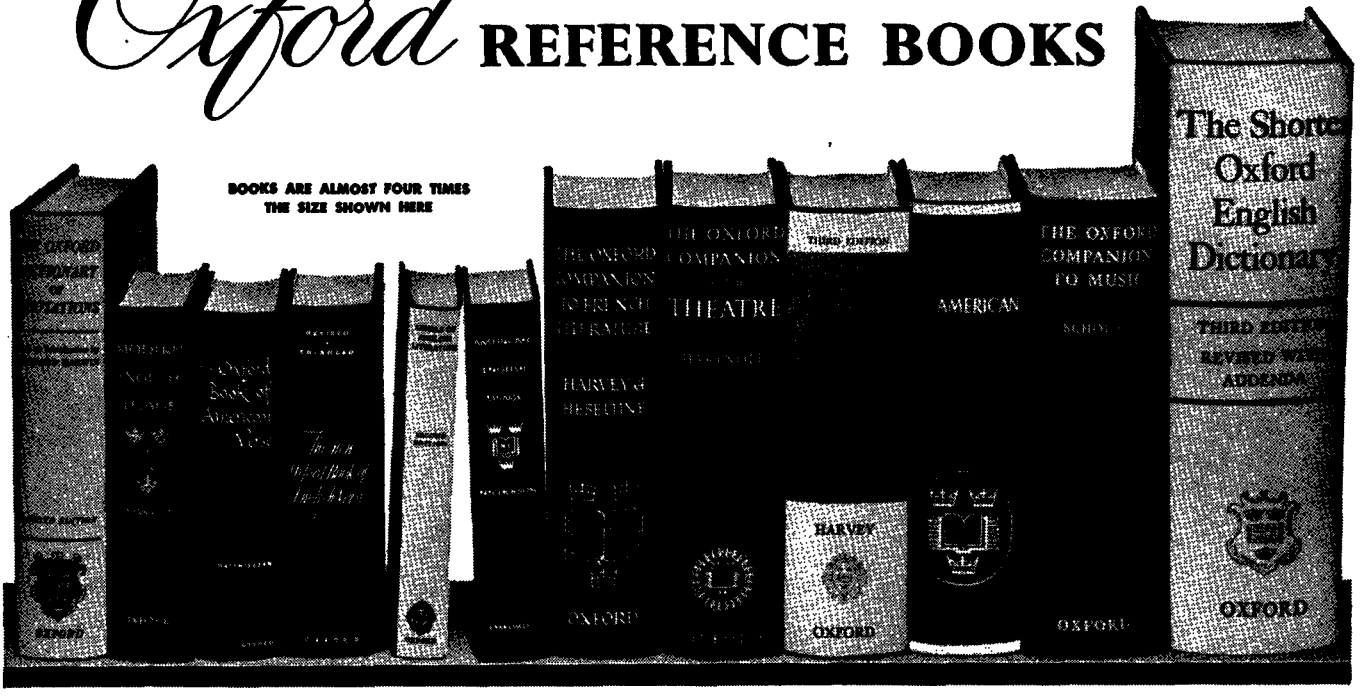

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I hope this brief resumé of what just one government agency is doing in eastern Kentucky, and elsewhere in Appalachia, provides your readers with some indication of the efforts of federal and state governments, along with progressive private interests, to apply the techniques of a "domestic Marshall Plan and AID" to America's own areas of high, chronic unemployment and rural poverty.

HAROLD L. SHEPPARD
Assistant Administrator
for Area Operations
U.S. Department of Commerce
Washington, D.C.

Growing Old

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am writing to say that Anzia Yezierska's "A Thousand Pages of Research" [July '63], was very good and deeply moving and, as nothing else I have read, to the human point in describing our new breed of "longevites." . . . To someone like myself—not an immigrant, nor even the son of immigrants, the name and work of Anzia Yezierska remain meaningful.

MICHAEL BLANKFORT
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Anzia Yezierska's story . . . is not just a poignant tale of old folks but an air raid alert. . . . While there is yet time, are we educating our youth to live with dignity and creativity in their life of tomorrow?

Older adults like Anzia Yezierska and her friends were trained for roles in society which they cannot play today. . . . Age has closed the door to the world of work. Social Security, Old Age Assistance, and Welfare are their only source of income. Life is a humiliating, frustrating existence with fear of want a constant companion. For these people today and for our future we must determine what the basic rights are to which an individual is entitled: dignity? self-respect? food? housing? medical care? For how long and when is a person of value to society? While he is economically productive? culturally productive? socially productive? . . .

When a space ship lands on the moon, it won't be an accident, it will be the result of years of concentration by the most brilliant scientific minds and an investment of billions of dollars. . . . What similar concentration of mind and money is being invested in . . . solving the problems we face right here on earth?

GERTRUDE ASINOF
Short Hills, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I'm seventy-five, almost seventy-six . . . and so I feel entitled to contribute my twenty cents worth to Anzia Yezierska's article. I thought it very interesting and thought-compelling. . . . Naturally, when one is young one does not think of old age in the same way as when one is a member of the "senior citizens." (All these names for old folks are very symptomatic; everyone has to have a label, perhaps the computer is responsible!) But before we lose our identity to a machine I would like to voice my views. . . . In all this fuss about the "senior citizens" we lose sight of the fact that we are all individuals and we each have our own way of growing old, and chronological age has nothing to do with it; there are youngsters of eighty just as there are oldsters of forty. Among my personal friends I have both kinds, but I find that the person who has led a full active life need not go on the shelf when he reaches seventy. True, one does not have the physical energy of youth, but the mental capacity can be broadened, and generally is by normal, well-adjusted oldsters. . . .

JESSIE S. BLOOM
Seattle, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was greatly impressed by Anzia Yezierska's article. . . . All too little is being said and done about the vast numbers of alert, capable persons over sixty-five who are barred by age from paid employment. If enough people *cared* enough, the "Hire the Handicapped" slogan

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that greets our eyes everywhere could be joined by "Hire the Older Worker."

HAZEL BIRD

New York City

New York's Irish

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I find Mr. Moynihan's article ["The Irish of New York," Aug. '63] so contradictory as to be completely confusing, containing many statements with which one could take issue: he says, for example, . . . that if the majority of the Irish have climbed out of the working class, it has been only to settle on the next highest rung, yet he also says that the Irish "have in significant numbers joined the middle and upper classes."

"They [the American Protestants] would fight a war and kill half a million men to free the Negro slaves," but the Civil War was not fought . . . by "American Protestants" only. All the burgeoning immigrant groups of the era were well represented in the ranks, as volunteers, and prominent among them was the famous Irish Brigade whose exploits are recorded not only in "their accounts thereof" but in documented history. . . .

Moynihan says, "It appears it was the Jewish students in the Fordham School of Pharmacy who saved that ancient Jesuit institution from going on record as opposed to the election of the first Catholic President of the United States." I am a card-carrying . . . Democrat, *but* if the Catholic students at Fordham considered Kennedy to be the unwise choice and yet had recorded their preference for him because he was a Catholic, would this be . . . admirable? . . . This appears to be one case where our stated claim to politics without regard to race, creed, or color was honored in the observance rather than in the breach.

He also says, "and even the most visible Irish contribution to the New York scene, the Irish saloon . . ." What is . . . visible, of course, depends . . . on the eye of the beholder. The cathedrals, churches, and schools . . . built by the Irish seem much more visible to me than the saloons. I doubt if many visitors to New York City have seen an Irish saloon! Almost all of them have seen St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Perhaps most important . . . it seems impossible to consider "The Irish of New York," by confining this consideration to the geographical boundaries of the political entity, New York City. Among the leaders in the flight to the suburbs have been the middle-class Irish Americans. Far from losing their identity in this move, however, the Irish have proudly held on to it. The son and daughter who in the last generation would have been called John and Mary is now very often Sean and Maureen. . . . And the ranks of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and of the St. Patrick's Day Parade have been swelled by the members of the younger generation, very often removed from the old country by over one hundred years, but still proudly identifying with it.

There is one old Irish tradition that Mr. Moynihan did not mention—that when all external enemies have been demolished we dearly love to fight among ourselves. The only way to have saved your author from fang and claw marks would have been to warn your subscribers never under any circumstances to lend the August issue to an Irishman!

AUDREY K. BOYLE

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Along with . . . reasonable assumptions and speculations Mr. Moynihan attempts an incredible defense of the Irish . . . support of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. Mr. Moynihan glibly speaks about proofs of the "Communist conspiracy" which were "enough for anybody—but not for a good number of persons in the Protestant-Jewish intellectual elite." This is surpassed only by his later comment: "The expulsion of Communism from the power centers of American life has been acknowledged in most Cath-

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olic circles. . . ." Even *were* there truth in these comments, could the New York Irish take pride in arriving at their conclusion through such dangerous means as McCarthyism represented? . . .

Mr. Moynihan further comments that "McCarthy finally let the Irish down. He ended up a stumblebum lurching about the corridors of the Senate where it had been decided that he was no gentleman." Wherein did McCarthy let the Irish down? In becoming a "stumblebum," or in finally being censured by an otherwise timorous Senate? . . .

GILBERT R. DAVIS
Geneseo, New York

MR. MOYNIHAN *writes:*

If Mr. Davis thinks I was defending Irish support of McCarthy, that is his problem, not mine.

Who Is A Jew?

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marc Galanter criticizes the Brother Daniel decision ["A Dissent on Brother Daniel," July], holding that an apostate is not a Jew under the Law of Return, because: (1) the Israeli Court looked to the "ordinary meaning" of the word Jew, whereas the word Jew is used in a variety of ways; and (2) the Court passes without mention the noble aspects of Judaism and defines the past exclusively in terms of suffering and persecution at the hands of the Catholic Church.

[But] there is nothing unusual or arbitrary about judicial reliance on popular or current usage in defining terms. The "ordinary meaning of words" is the primary test used in the interpretation of terms in a contract. It is the primary test used in the law of torts in defining the actions of the "average reasonable man." It is used in defining "due process." Galanter, though, looks for a prescriptive meaning of "Jew." One ought not however to expect the same statutory or decisional precision on the meaning of a complex term, such as "Jew," as on a term, for example, in the law of property or statute of limitations. . . . Admittedly, the issue before the Court was emotion-charged, and the decision of the Court, paragraph by paragraph, is a highly emotional document. To be subjective means to be human. . . .

Galanter points out that the love of learning, the thirst for justice, the attachment to reason and law, and other aspects of Judaism are all passed by the Court without mention. "The decision tends to visualize all of Jewish history in relation to Christianity. . . . There is a type of masochistic bias here which tends to define the past exclusively in terms of suffering, persecution, and martyrdom." The Brother Daniel decision is thus taken by Galanter, and others, as identifying the essence of Judaism with . . . self-hatred.

But what is the reaction of any group when someone wants to join who does not go along with the principal ideas of the group? A group cannot tolerate it or allow it. The United States cannot tolerate Communists; and Professor Galanter's university surely cannot tolerate persons who do not go along with it on fundamental tenets.

Brother Daniel was touching the State of Israel in a tender spot. The country is founded . . . on a religious premise. For centuries the Jew lived as "an alien in the Christian midst," pinning his hopes on a spiritual return to Zion. . . . The Court had to talk in religious terms. There is some feeling of guilt in Israel that many of the old norms are no longer followed. Brother Daniel was reminding Israel of this, and the decision, in part, is the result of a guilt reaction to the fact that the country is not "religious" whereas the foundation of the country is based on a religious idea. . . . In the United States there was a furor following the Supreme Court's decision outlawing the reading of an innocuous prayer in schools. A large segment of the American public was reminded that they were not truly religious and were hiding behind an empty form; out of their guilt, they were angry at the Court. . . .

In the Brother Daniel decision, the Court did not provide a definition of a Jew in positive terms. That was not necessary, assuming it were possible. The allegiance to the group is fixed negatively—that is, by a rejection of Roman Catholicism. As the State Attorney said: "We do not know who is a Jew but we know who is not—an apostate is not." Specifically, an apostate to Roman Catholicism who makes religion an integral part of his life is not a Jew, at least under the Law of Return. Brother Daniel, the petitioner, was a monk, an arm of the Church. . . . Perhaps the decision would have been different in the case of a convert to another religion. . . .

The decision does not, as some say, give the State a mandate to pry into a man's beliefs in order to determine his eligibility under the Law of Return. There is no distinction between believing and non-

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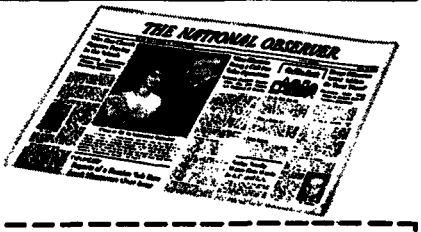

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believing Jews. Israel is a country of immigration. It sets no qualification on wealth, professional skill, country of origin, age, or sex. The Law of Return is designed to offer a "home" for Jews.

Who is a Jew? The *Christian Century*, commenting briefly on the Brother Daniel case, said: "If Jews cannot decide what a Jew is, it will be best for gentiles not to make the attempt." Ever since the Diaspora, the identity of Jews was essentially determined by the outsider. Through the centuries of persecution, it was always the oppressor who made the . . . definition. The opinion of the oppressed was of secondary, if any, importance. One's own definition of his religion, for example, would not influence the Nazis' classification.

Can the Jew himself decide? The attribute commonly ascribed to Jews may present a fair composite picture, but one aspect of Judaism, taken in isolation as the essence, leads to distortion. . . . In isolation, any attribute can be explained away. Yet, a composite view of Jewry does not lend, because of its complexity, to formulation in a statute or judicial decision. Though a positive definition is extremely difficult, it is possible however to say precisely who is *not* a Jew.

RALPH SLOVENKO
New Orleans, Louisiana

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I agree with Mr. Galanter's inclusion of religious, ethnic, and political factors in the makeup of "Jewishness" and wish to add a fourth: emotional identification which is often based on sympathy for the victims of anti-Semitism. Any combination of these four factors is sufficient to decide who is a Jew. . . .

The clerical elements in Israel have acquired an unwarranted influence in public affairs because our claim to the State of Israel was based in large measure upon Biblical tradition, a state of affairs perpetuated by the political split in Israel's labor movement. The Law of Return is, in general, a racist piece of legislation which was dictated by humane and political considerations of the day. On the other hand, Israel has no legally enforceable guarantees of freedom of conscience and religion; the only constitutional laws deal with the technical running of the government.

Thus the Supreme Court's decision was indeed a case of religious disqualification, as Mr. Galanter states, and it was widely interpreted and, in the light of the above, justified as such by the Israeli public.

(DR.) ALEX HERSHAFT
Alexandria, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Marc Galanter used the Brother Daniel case as a point of departure for asking: Who is a Jew?

With the exception of Nazi Germany, no country in the world has adhered to the concept of the Jew by race, only . . . by religion. If a Jew does not himself practice the Jewish religion, he may refer to his last progenitor who did. However, if he or his direct progenitor had ceased to practice the Jewish religion because he converted to another faith, he is no longer considered a Jew by the gentiles and for the Jews becomes an inactive member of the Jewish community. His Jewishness remains, so to speak, dormant till the time when he renounces the conversion to the alien faith. Thus religious adherence (not practice) is the criterion of Jewishness and an individual applying for admittance to Israel under the Law of Return must give proof not that he practices the Jewish religion, but that he does not adhere to another.

WOLF WIRGIN
Spring Valley, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Once all the rhetoric is pushed aside, the deciding factor in cases such as that of Brother Daniel is and should be, "Is it good for the Jews?" I am not being facetious. . . . The all-important question is: What will best contribute to the perpetuation of the Jews as a group? . . .

In ancient times, our leaders . . . realized that the Jews were a small island in a large sea . . . that unless certain walls were erected around them, the Jews as an entity would assimilate and disappear. The dietary laws, for example, were laid down not only for reasons of health, but also to separate the Jews from their surrounding neighbors. . . . The restrictions in Jewish law served to keep the Jews separate and thus prevent their disappearance.

These considerations should be the basis for a decision in the case of Brother Daniel. If he were allowed admission on the basis of having been born a Jew, and the fact that he considers himself a "Jew," in spite of having embraced Catholicism, this would prepare the way for diluting the definition of a Jew. Once this breach is made others will follow . . . militating

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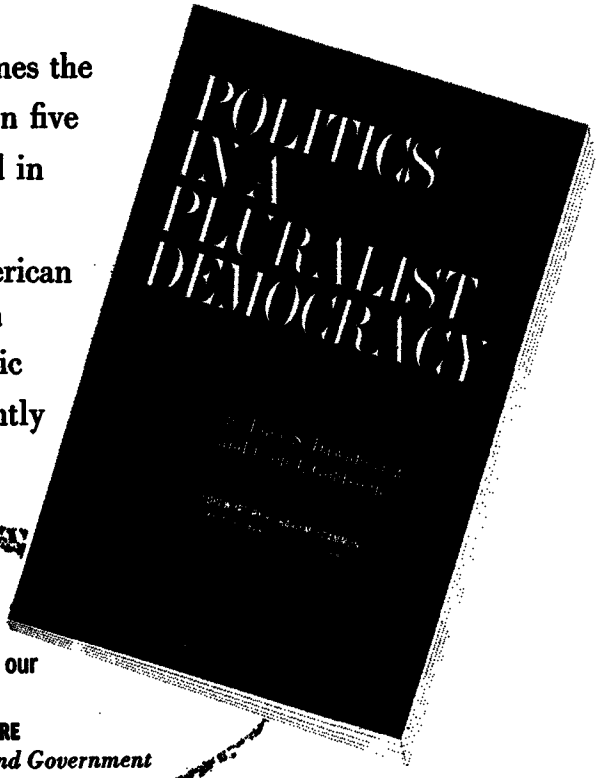

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against the perpetuity of the Jewish group. . . . I cannot accept Mr. Galanter's phrase, "an anti-Semitic Jew." A Jew may be anti-religious, or anti-Zionist; he may hate his fellow Jews, but he can never be called an anti-Semite, any more than a Negro could be called a "white chauvinist." . . .

Certain liberals tend to be purists in their interpretation of the laws . . . rejecting, for instance, demonstrations by the Negro people in the United States on the basis of "illegality." Let us stop being strict legalists . . . and let us judge laws or actions not by arbitrary standards . . . but by standards that are important to a people themselves.

(DR.) ELI ROSS
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . All that made Brother Daniel a Jew to start with is that he was born to parents who were Jewish and who raised him in a background of Judaism. Judaism is a faith and one may be attached to it in many ways from orthodoxy to atheism, but to consciously accept the tenets of another religion is to reject Judaism. Is not the apostate in a position of necessarily renouncing his former religion?

Brother Daniel . . . is said to have cried, "My religion is Catholic, but my ethnic origin is and always will be Jewish. I have no other nationality. I did not accept Christianity to leave my people. I feel like a Jew." This is the expostulation of a confused, lost soul. . . .

Not long ago, in a town in Italy, barely literate peasants born and raised as Catholics, having read the Old Testament, were drawn to Judaism. Two dozen or more of these villagers of San Nicandro are now settled in Israel as Jews. They may "feel" like Catholics, at times, but unlike Brother Daniel, do not feel that they added to their Catholicism by entering our faith. . . .

Nowhere in this affair have I found an attempt to examine Brother Daniel's new standing in relation to those of us who remain faithful to God and Judaism by a look into the New Testament which he has taken to his heart. His ideology teaches Brother Daniel that "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema" (I Corinthians 16:22). . . . Am I to hold Brother Daniel still one of us, when by the book he believes in, I am marked Godless—"Whosoever denieth the son the same hath not the Father" (I John 2:23.)?

DAVID B. TRYPHO
Miami Beach, Florida

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Galanter . . . may have missed one point. Brother Daniel was very determined to enter Israel under the Law of Return and not through other channels of immigration. His motive for entering this way could have been to enhance his proselytizing . . . by showing prospective converts that it is possible to become a Catholic and remain a Jew, . . . recognized as one by the Supreme Court of the State of Israel.

I can see no other decision . . . than the one the judges handed down.

IRWIN LEVINE
West Hempstead, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Galanter bases his dissent . . . on a plea for broadmindedness, urging that such cases be judged individually on their own merit. . . . But what did Brother Daniel's conversion imply? He professes to love the Jewish land and the Jewish people—so his conversion seems to mean that it was the Jewish religion up to the time of Jesus he found inadequate. . . .

Mr. Galanter's idea that an anti-Semitic Jew is still accepted as a Jew is refuted by his own account of those barred under the Law of Return, namely: [those] ". . . engaged in an activity against the Jewish people."

Mr. Galanter suggests that the irreligious person is on a level with the convert. But irreligion or secularism do not mean the swearing of allegiance to another religion. He who does not believe in the dogmas . . . may believe in the Ten Commandments even if he denies their origin.

I cannot equal Mr. Galanter's learnedness but can answer him only on the basis of my Jewish emotion. On that basis may I ask what "impels him to resist the pressure to blend indistinguishably with the outer world . . ." if he would accept the "enrichment offered by such Jews as Brother Daniel"? Would he also accept the missionaries, intent on "saving" Jewish souls? Can't he see that we must draw the line somewhere? . . . We are ready to help other minorities in their fight against bigotry, illness, poverty, . . . but we cannot accept among us those who—no matter what they profess—proved to be enemies in the past and who therefore are unable to offer us any enrichment, either in theory or in practice, in the future.

(MRS.) G. GROSSBERGER
Brooklyn, New York

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THE WARREN COMMISSION: AN EDITORIAL

As this is being written in early December, the Warren commission, appointed by President Johnson to investigate the assassination of President Kennedy and to "satisfy itself that the truth is known as far as it can be discovered," has just held its first meeting. According to the New York *Times*, the meeting "dealt mainly with organization and the establishment of procedures." The *Times* also reported that "Much of the commission's work may consist in sifting and analyzing a report by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on the assassination and the events surrounding it." Precisely what form this "sifting and analyzing" will take we have not yet been told, but so far there has been no indication that the commission is planning to launch a really extensive investigation of its own. Is the FBI then to act, in effect, as the commission's staff? Are no public hearings to be held? Will no effort be made to evaluate the job that was done by the Secret Service, the Dallas Police, and the FBI itself? Is the possibility of a treasonous political conspiracy to be ruled out?

Not the least fantastic aspect of this whole fantastic nightmare is the ease with which respectable opinion in America has arrived at the conclusion that such a possibility is absurd; in most other countries, what is regarded as absurd is the idea that the assassination could have been anything *but* a political murder. The suspicions that are being openly voiced all over the world—and that are being whispered, only whispered, all over the United States—may never be settled, but as President Johnson implicitly acknowledged in making the decision to appoint the Warren commission, it is absolutely necessary that they at least be confronted. And the way to confront them is not by a simple review of what the FBI has to say about the case; it is by an independent investigation of the most scrupulous and painstaking kind that culminates in a lengthy report in which every question involved in the assassination is examined with microscopic thoroughness and according to the highest standards of judicial impartiality. The Warren commission ought to know that anything less would only reinforce the ugly suspicions circulating through the air, and would only compound the shame and disgust that all of us should be feeling—still.

—N. P.

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FIVE YEARS OF CASTRO'S CUBA

THEODORE DRAPER

ON THE fifth anniversary of Fidel Castro's regime, it is clearer than ever before that his crucial problem is and has been economic. For about half of these five years, he seemed to enjoy a charmed life. Every crisis worked to his advantage, every enemy made him stronger. After his total, dizzying triumph at the Bay of Pigs in April 1961, nothing seemed impossible to him any longer.

The turning point, at least visibly, came early in 1962. Ever since the purge of the old-time Communist leader, Aníbal Escalante, in March of that year, nothing has turned out quite right for Castro. We now know that the Escalante purge was part of an internal crisis far more serious than had previously been realized. The gravest aspect of this crisis was hidden deep in the Cuban countryside. It amounted to nothing less than a rebellious Cuban peasantry. I would not use these terms, "serious crisis" and "rebellious," if two of the foremost Cuban leaders—in the first case Minister of Industries Ernesto Che Guevara and in the second President (now Minister) Carlos Rafael Rodríguez of INRA, the agrarian reform organization—had not used them already.[1]

Both Guevara and Rodríguez agree that the crisis was generated in 1961. According to Rodríguez, who has given the most detailed account, "serious errors" were committed in the last half of 1961 and the first two months of 1962. In 1961, food production was still largely in private hands, and the crisis hinged on the right of the private peasants to sell their products. As Rodríguez put it, "the great mass of *campesinos*—even the poor ones – showed the class tendency with respect to profit." They wanted, in other words, to sell at the highest price instead of handing over their wares to INRA for much lower fixed prices.

It was a classical confrontation. Faced with this traditional peasant desire to take advantage of a sellers' market, the Cuban authorities cracked down. Rodríguez specifically blamed INRA officials, local political leaders, and even the armed forces. The peasants' goods were seized and in some cases their land confiscated. This was not a war against *latifundistas* or large landowners, for there were no more. It was a fierce struggle against small and middle peasants, predominantly the former. The severity of the methods may be gathered from Rodríguez's observation that they violated "revolutionary legality" and made no discrimination between rich and poor. The strength of the resistance may be inferred from his allusion to the peasants' "disagreement and rebelliousness" [*inconformidad y rebeldía*].

In effect, the peasants sold on the black market or they went on strike. They sowed less and grew less. In 1962, especially in the months of March and November, the peasants had their revenge in the country-wide shortages that developed. Rodríguez, another old-time Communist, was brought in as the new President of INRA in February. Castro reversed INRA policy and temporarily gave way to the peasants by lifting all restrictions, but the damage had been done. The regime was so acutely worried that in June it ordered a parade of tanks and machine-guns in the city of Cárdenas as a warning to housewives who had come out in the streets beating pots and pans to protest food shortages.[2] Rodríguez implies that

This month marks the fifth anniversary of the Castro regime in Cuba, and we have therefore invited THEODORE DRAPER—whose writings on the Cuban revolution have been the subject of world-wide discussion—to assess its over-all record. Mr. Draper has chosen to concentrate on the economic aspect, which he considers the least understood and most misrepresented. In addition to the recent *Castro's Revolution* (Praeger), Mr. Draper is also the author of *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia* (Viking).

[1] Che Guevara, *Siempre* (Mexico City), interview with Víctor Rico Galán, June 19, 1963; Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, *Revolución*, May 18, 1963. (In the following notes, I have cited the source, mainly newspapers, that I happened to obtain. Most of the information cited, however, appeared in all the Cuban papers but not always of exactly the same date.)

[2] A pro-Castro writer, Maurice Zeitlin, who visited Cuba after the Cárdenas demonstration, has confirmed the essential facts: "*Organized* dissent is prohibited, if one can judge by the government's response to a recent demonstration of a group of housewives in Cárdenas who went marching through the streets banging pots to protest food shortages. The next day the government put on an impressive military display which included helmeted soldiers (a sight

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it was a rather close shave: "Only faith in the revolution, only faith in Fidel, prevented the peasantry from losing confidence in the revolution." [3]

But the private peasants were not the only ones in trouble. The "cooperatives" were also caught up in the crisis. The essential reason was that they were cooperatives in name only. In practice, as Rodríguez later admitted, they had been transformed into *granjas del pueblo* or state farms. INRA administered them from above without in the least taking their members' wishes into account, giving them any voice in their affairs, or even holding *pro forma* meetings. From the point of view of their members, the cooperatives had all the disadvantages of state farms and none of the advantages, the most important of the latter being a guaranteed wage. Here again the crisis built up in the last half of 1961 and burst out in the first half of 1962. In November 1961, Castro himself remarked that the peasants had become so "allergic" to the cooperatives that they "feared" the very word. [4] In June 1962, Rodríguez reported that the cooperatives had become "dead organisms" and their members had been fleeing to the *granjas* and private farms. [5] And in August, they were officially transformed into *granjas*.

Not that the *granjas* had been doing too well. They were so badly run at the time, their chief administrator has revealed, that 80 per cent of the local administrators had to be removed. [6] In 1962, then, the Castro regime ran into trouble on all three of its agricultural fronts—privately-owned lands, "cooperatives," and *granjas*. One of the more durable myths about Castro's Cuba is the idea that the "agrarian reform" has been the most successful aspect of the revolution. If this were true, the past two or three years would have been very different.

Gradually, the agricultural miasma settled over the entire economic landscape. It made rationing necessary, which in turn brought on inflation, because the urban population had more to spend but less to buy. The inflationary spiral infected the workers who no longer had the incentive to exert themselves for what they could not get anyway. Workers' absenteeism began to reach alarming proportions because workers found they could earn enough in two or three days to buy the little that was available. The quality of work also suffered with declining morale and reduced effective purchasing power. From the viewpoint of the regime, the chief culprits were the skilled workers, formerly the hard core of the organized Cuban proletariat. Castro had complained bitterly about the attitude of the electrical workers as long ago as December 1960, but his wrath with what he called "worker-aristocrats"—whom he grouped with the big and little bourgeoisie and imperialist monopolies—came out most forcefully in a speech addressed to party members in the construction industry in July 1963. He assailed the drop in productivity in the construction industry and accused the workers of doing more under the capitalists than under his regime. [7] Guevara recently ascribed the "terrible loss of conscience for quality" to the "initial scarcity of raw materials, and the suppression of private property." [8]

Yet one of the most significant aspects of this crisis was the fact that the Cuban leaders were not prepared for it. Nothing that had happened in 1961 had forewarned them because 1961 had been a relatively good year, so good that the former President of the Cuban National Bank, the late Dr. Raúl Cepero Bonilla, called it "the year of the highest agricultural production." [9] This was especially true of Cuba's key crop, sugar, which still provided over three-quarters of its export earnings. The 1961 sugar crop was an exceptionally large one of 6.8 million tons, the second largest in its history. But the 1962 crop was only 4.8 million tons and the 1963 crop was still less, only 3.8 million. [10] Between 1961 and 1963, the only negative factor beyond human control was the drought, which could not, however, by itself have accounted for such a drastic drop. All the other factors were man-made, and the results should have made the Cuban leaders happy.

But they did not. Why they did not is the economic key to Castro's first five years in power.

II

In the first year, 1959, Guevara had been put in charge of INRA's Department of Industrialization. His group worked on the "first simple and tentative lines" for the future Cuban economy. As Guevara himself later told the story, they made lists of products that had for many years been imported chiefly from the United States, and then began a "search for offers" of long-term foreign aid for the development of Cuba's own "basic industry." The "search" ended with the arrival of Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan in Havana on February 4, 1960, and

one rarely sees in Cuba) and tanks" (*The Nation*, New York, November 3, 1962, p. 287). I described the incident at some length in *The Reporter*, January 17, 1963.

[3] Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, *Revolución*, May 18, 1963. His fullest analysis of the crisis appeared in *Cuba Socialista*, May 1963, pp. 12-14.

[4] *Revolución*, November 11, 1961.

[5] *Ibid.*, June 19, 1962. More details are given in *Cuba Socialista*, May 1963, p. 12.

[6] Interview with Crostóbal Díaz Vallina, Administrador General de Granjas del Pueblo, *Hoy*, July 6, 1963.

[7] *Obra Revolucionaria*, December 15, 1960; *Revolución*, July 2, 1963.

[8] *La Tarde*, November 11, 1963.

[9] *Cuba Socialista*, January 1963, p. 89.

[10] Gerardo Bernardo, *Hoy Domingo*, August 11, 1963.

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the signing of the first Soviet-Cuban trade agreement on February 13 of that year. Then Guevara went on a junket of Eastern Europe, lining up Soviet bloc commitments of large-scale credits "to build a good number of basic industries." The Soviets promised $100,000,000 for a steel industry, electric plants, an oil refinery, and a geological survey; Czechoslovakia, an automobile factory; China, $60,000,000 for twenty-four different factories; Rumania, fifteen; Bulgaria, five; Poland, twelve; East Germany, ten. The offers were snapped up.[11]

Soon after Mikoyan's departure, Guevara and other top Cuban leaders began a campaign to prepare Cuban public opinion for a rupture of the traditional economic ties with the United States, especially the preferential sugar quota. Guevara initiated the drive on March 2, 1960, in a speech which referred to the "quantity of slavery represented for our country by the three million tons which we sell at supposedly preferential prices." The leading Cuban Communist, Blas Roca, went to Moscow in May for his first meeting with Nikita Khrushchev and, unable to restrain himself until his return, wrote a letter published in the official Communist organ: "Cuba cannot be blockaded economically by the U.S. imperialists. Our factories will not be paralyzed from lack of oil, neither will our homes run short of bread in case the U.S. monopolies decide to reduce the sugar quota and refuse to send what we need for our normal life." Fidel Castro boasted that Cuba could produce more sugar and get more for it if there were no U.S. sugar quota.[12]

At this point, the Eisenhower administration, against the better judgment of the U.S. Ambassador, Philip W. Bonsal, played into the Cubans' hands. In June, 1960, three U.S.- and British-owned oil refineries in Cuba, in consultation with Washington, refused a Cuban request to process two barge-loads of Soviet crude oil. The Cubans promptly took over the oil refineries; the Eisenhower administration suspended the remainder of the 1960 sugar quota; the Cubans expropriated all U.S.-owned properties; the United States retaliated with a trade embargo. In retrospect, it appears clear that only a Cuban government which was already inwardly committed to, and had prepared the way for, a break would have pushed the matter of the oil to such an extremity; and only a U.S. government which had grossly miscalculated the forces at work or did not care any longer for other reasons would have made the break so easy.[13]

The Cubans welcomed the U.S. embargo. "Now," exulted Blas Roca, "Cuba has freed her foreign commerce from the monopoly of an imperialist power. Now Cuba has won freedom of trade with every country in the world." Fidel Castro scoffed at the idea that the United States could hurt Cuba, since the Cubans could obtain all they needed and wanted from the "socialist countries" and "neutrals." Guevara assured the Cuban people that the U.S. embargo would have few serious consequences, that it would not imperil the revolution, and that the U.S. would be hurt even more than Cuba by its own action.[14]

THERE was an important internal political side to Cuban-Soviet relations. Cuban-Soviet economic ties were closely coordinated with Cuban Communist-*Fidelista* political ties. The process of Communist-*Fidelista* fusion was lengthy and complex from 1958 to the end of 1960, and the whole story cannot yet be told. But we know—to cite a single example—that, as late as May 1959, Fidel Castro personally engaged in an acrimonious public controversy with the Communists.[15] By the end of the year, however, it was impermissible in Cuba to say about the Communists what Castro had said earlier; and with the arrest of Major Hubert Matos in October 1959, anti-Communism was made a counter-revolutionary crime. Castro intervened to save the Communists from rout at the trade union congress in November. This transition to anti-anti-Communism in public policy preceded the Cuban-Soviet economic agreement of February 1960. After the agreement, the active process of fusion speeded up. It all took place behind the scenes, of course, but we can now situate it in the context of Cuba's economic changeover.

Immediately after the suspension of the U.S. sugar quota, Guevara told a youth congress in Havana in July that the Cuban revolution was "Marxist." The following month, as U.S. businesses in Cuba were being expropriated, Blas Roca called for the perspective of "complete union" or "fusion" of all the revolutionary forces "in a single movement."[16] We have more recently been told

[11] Guevara, *Cuba Socialista*, March 1962, p. 30.

[12] Guevara, *Revolución*, March 3, 1960; Blas Roca, *Hoy*, May 24, 1960; Fidel Castro, *Hoy*, May 29, 1960.

[13] We now know that President Eisenhower authorized the training of a stand-by Cuban exile force in March 1960.

[14] Blas Roca, *Hoy*, October 13, 1960; Fidel Castro, *ibid.*, October 16, 1960; Guevara, *ibid.*, October 21, 1960.

[15] In a television interview on May 21, 1959, Castro discussed unrest in the village of San Luis and remarked that there were "many coincidences" between the Communists and the "counter-revolutionaries" responsible for the unrest. The Executive Bureau of the Communist *Partido Socialista Popular* immediately issued a statement protesting against "such an unjust and unjustifiable attack" (*Hoy*, May 23, 1959). This incident, together with simultaneous attacks on the Communists at the *Fidelista*-controlled sugar workers congress, was taken so seriously that the P.S.P. Central Committee was hastily called together on May 25 to deal with the situation (*Hoy*, May 26, 1959). In his "I am a Marxist-Leninist" speech on December 2, 1961, Castro alluded to his past anti-Communist "prejudices" and said that he had been a victim of imperialist propaganda.

[16] Partido Socialista Popular, *VIII Asamblea Nacional*, August 16-21, 1960, p. 209.

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that this was not the beginning but rather near the end of the process of fusion. On December 2, 1960, Castro presided at a meeting to set up schools, *Escuelas de Instrucción Revolucionaria,* to train cadres for the "united party." The director of these schools, Lionel Soto, a pre-1959 Communist, has disclosed that this meeting was the first formal manifestation of "the integration of the revolutionary forces." [17]

These dates are extraordinarily revealing. For Guevara did not discover that the Cuban revolution was "Marxist" in July 1960 and Blas Roca did not call for fusion in August because the ideas had suddenly popped into their heads; the first *formal* manifestation of fusion did not take place in December without a considerable period of gestation. The "search for offers" in 1959, the Soviet-Cuban trade agreement of February 1960, and the Communist-*Fidelista* fusion later that year were parts of a single, continuous process, not isolated incidents.

Another major decision came up at the end of 1960. This one grew out of the suspension of the Cuban sugar quota by the Eisenhower administration in July. The Soviet Union had committed itself to purchasing 1,000,000 tons annually for five years or one-third of the former U.S. quota. The Cubans could see no way, in the depressed world sugar market of 1960-61, to dispose of the remainder. Moreover, they were then obsessed by two main objectives—rapid industrialization and agricultural diversification. Sugar represented all that had stood in the way of industrialization and diversification in the past. Instead of facing the loss of the U.S. market with a certain trepidation, the Cuban leaders could barely repress their joy. They viewed more industrialization and less sugar production as opposite sides of the same coin, and embraced both causes with equal enthusiasm. When the U.S. quota was suppressed, therefore, they considered it to be a positive good and, as Castro later put it, "took the decision to cut down on all that sugar-cane and reduce sugar production." [18]

Drought or no drought, then, there would have been a much smaller Cuban sugar crop in 1962 and 1963 (not in 1961 because the preparations had been made the year before). The sugar acreage was deliberately reduced, replanting neglected, and weeding pursued halfheartedly: in general, the entire industry was given a very low order of priority. The drought hurt other crops but, in the all-important case of sugar, it might have been part of the plan. Between the drought and government policy, there was in the period 1961 to 1963 a reduction of 14 per cent in sugar area cut, of 42 per cent in ground cane, and 33 per cent in unit yield. [19]

Nevertheless, as 1961 opened, Castro's mastery of events, helped along perhaps by more than a bit of luck, seemed infallible. He had freed himself from all economic and diplomatic ties to the United States in a manner that made him seem to many the aggrieved and innocent party. The Eisenhower administration's decision to suspend the sugar quota had fallen in with his own desire not only to get rid of the quota but to cut sugar production. The Soviet bloc had apparently agreed to underwrite what Guevara had called "a process of accelerated industrialization." [20] A new Ministry of Industries was created in February of that year with Guevara in charge. And after the April invasion fiasco, the Cuban cup ran over.

III

WHAT WENT wrong?

The private peasantry, the cooperatives, and the *granjas* were not the only things that went wrong. When a Latin American sympathizer asked Guevara to name some of the errors which had been made in Cuba, his answer, only half in jest, was: "It will have to be only some, because we would need ten days to recount all the errors." [21]

Guevara's own program of "accelerated industrialization" was the source of some of the worst disenchantment. The original conception was almost childishly simple. Its aim was the substitution of home-made goods for those previously imported from the United States. Its method was the physical transplantation across half the globe of dozens of factories in the shortest possible time. Its financial basis was long-term credits or outright gifts from the Communist world.

By early 1962, Guevara knew that there was something radically wrong with the scheme. At that time, he analyzed the trouble as follows: "We failed to put the proper emphasis on the utilization of our own resources; we worked with the fixed purpose of producing substitutes for finished imported articles, without clearly seeing that these articles are made with raw materials which must be had in order to manufacture them." [22]

In short, the Cuban industrializers thought solely in terms of factories, not in terms of raw materials for the factories. They were stunned to learn that, in many cases, the raw materials cost almost as much as the imported finished articles. In order to free themselves from dependence on the importation of finished articles, they had made themselves even more dependent on the importation of raw materials which they could not af-

[17] *Cuba Socialista,* February 1963, p. 30.
[18] *Revolución,* June 28, 1963.
[19] Gerardo Bernardo, *Hoy Domingo,* August 11, 1963.
[20] *Hoy,* June 21, 1960.
[21] *Revolución,* August 21, 1963.
[22] *Cuba Socialista,* March 1962, p. 33.

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ford. Guevara subsequently explained: "We began to acquire factories, but we did not think of the raw materials for them that we would have to import." In this way, he said, two years had been lost "installing factories for a series of articles which could be bought at almost the same price as the raw materials that we needed to produce them." [23]

This unforeseen, though hardly unforeseeable, relationship between finished products and raw materials led to a Cuban balance-of-payments crisis. In 1960, when the Soviet bloc was anxious to displace the United States in the Cuban economy, it had been lavish in promises and credits. Two years later, however, it was less interested in what the Cubans wanted than in what the Cubans could afford. Either the credits had run out or they had been used so badly that the bloc had balked at throwing good money after bad.

At some point toward the end of 1961 or beginning of 1962, it is clear, the Soviets called a halt and demanded an accounting. We know from Carlos Rafael Rodríguez that, by March 1962, Soviet bloc "advisers," who had become ubiquitous in the Cuban administrative apparatus, had become highly critical of Cuban methods, especially in the Ministry of Foreign Trade. In the same month, Guevara published an article in which he warned that Cuba would have to pay for its raw materials through its own foreign trade and not with Soviet credits or handouts. To be sure, the Cubans did receive further credits from the Soviet Union, but as Guevara later explained, they were to cover the existing unfavorable balance of payments, not to build industries. [24]

The indications are that it took some time and not a little anguish for the Cubans to give up the view of industrialization as a simple, rather naïve, two-way process of factories-finished products and to think in terms of the far more complex, critical triangle of factories-raw materials-exports.

In a sense, the Cuban problem had come to resemble the Chinese problem—how far would the Soviets go to pay for their speedy industrialization? In both cases, the Soviets started to go part of the way, but then, for reasons of their own, not necessarily the same in both cases, they demanded a slow-down of the pace and payment for services rendered. Consciously or unconsciously, the Cubans had gone ahead after 1960 as if the Soviets had given them not a $100,000,000 five-year credit but an unlimited account. There would have been no balance-of-payments crisis if the Soviets had not called for payments.

As of the middle of 1963 at least, the Cubans still had few of the factories that the Soviet bloc had promised to install. It appears that only eight new factories had come from the bloc (Czechoslovakia three, East Germany three, USSR one, Poland one). [25]

ONCE THE Cubans had to face the realities of production costs, profit margins, and balance of payments, all their other problems came down on them too. If they had to pay for imports with exports, they were driven back to the key economic fact of Cuban life from which they had fled—that sugar made up over three-fourths of Cuban exports. But for about two years, the Cuban leaders had been denigrating the importance of sugar production and had deliberately cut it down. The resistance of the private peasantry, the "disagreement and rebelliousness" in the sugar-growing "cooperatives," and the mismanagement of the *granjas* were not merely symptoms of an agricultural crisis; they were not merely contributing factors in the vicious cycle of rationing, inflation, absenteeism, high costs, and low quality; they were directly linked to the neuralgic points of Cuban-Soviet economic relations—the trade agreements, the negotiation of credits, the balance of payments.

Thus what Guevara called the "two fundamental errors"—the "declaration of war on sugar cane" and the desire for factories without "thinking of the raw materials for them" [26]—intersected and interacted, exacerbating each other.

Guevara recently gave some examples of the blundering that brought the industrialization program to a standstill. Two of the factories from Czechoslovakia were to make picks and shovels. Cuba could just as well have bought the finished products from East Europe. Instead, the factories had to import raw materials which depleted the already extremely scarce monetary reserves. Another Cuban factory made sacks; it required imports of jute, which cost more than the finished sacks. The Cubans have now decided to buy another factory which will use a native fiber. Guevara also lamented the fact that Cuba had factories to make metal containers—but no tin-plate.[27] Judging from the frequency and pain with which the Cuban leaders have mentioned their expensive education in the economics of raw materials, these miscalculations must have been the rule rather than the exception.

In effect, Castro's first year in power, 1959, was one in which there was no "socialist" planning; in the second year, the "old order" was completely shattered but only the rudiments of a new order could be established; in the third year, the Castro regime was for the first time able to impose its basic ideas on the economy, and it thereby generated the subsequent crisis; in the

[23] *Revolución*, August 21, 1963.
[24] Rodríguez, *El Mundo*, March 25, 1962; Guevara, *Cuba Socialista*, March 1962, p. 33; Guevara, *Hoy*, February 12, 1963.
[25] *Hoy*, June 2, 1963, p. 6.
[26] *Revolución*, August 21, 1963.
[27] *La Tarde*, November 11, 1963.

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fourth year, ironically called the "Year of Planning," the crisis erupted and caused a preliminary reconsideration of the policy; and in the fifth year, the crisis deepened in the first months and brought about a change of line in the second half.

The new line is, in theory, not so much a clear-cut choice between agriculture and industry as a reversal of their previously allotted roles. The old line had encouraged industry at the expense of agriculture. The new one is based on the development of agriculture as the precondition of industrialization. In practice, however, agriculture will get such a high priority that not much is expected to be left over, at least in the foreseeable future, for industry.

Above all, the Cubans have been rudely awakened from the dream of industrialization by courtesy of the Soviet Union. Henceforth, Cuba's industrialization will depend primarily on the classical method of "primitive accumulation"—squeezing its own peasantry to extract the savings necessary for industrial investment. In a sense, the Cuban leaders have had to go all the way back in order to start over again.

IV

THE CUBAN leaders have tried to account for the crisis in characteristically different ways. The three who have done the most talking—Castro, Guevara, and Rodríguez—have revealed not only a great deal about the crisis but also about themselves. Their main problem has not been to tell the people how bad the situation was, for this was common knowledge in Cuba, but to explain why it happened and who was to blame.

Castro spoke frequently and at great length in the last half of 1963 on what had been wrong in Cuba, and his emphasis was overwhelmingly on what the Cuban people had done that was wrong. Sometimes, as on June 4, he seemed to hold his own "Cuban revolutionaries" mainly responsible for the economic mess. He accused them of "agitating" and "mobilizing" too much, of building "in the air," blissfully oblivious to "the economic basis for everything." He was, he said, even "a little ashamed" of them. Sometimes, as on July 1, he complained bitterly that the workers did not work long and hard enough. "And we have to carry on this struggle," he said, "implacably, in all places, in all parts of the country, without a truce, without vacillation, one day demanding that the sugar workers, the agricultural workers, the shoe workers should produce more, should improve their quality." Or, on August 10, he turned on the "socialist administrators" whose waste, he said, was comparable to what the capitalists used to steal, who "consolidated" everything from garages to bars into nation-wide bureaucratic monstrosities, who could not manage the former U.S.-owned lands as well as the "Yankee monopolies" had managed them. He made the broad generalization, on October 2, that "our weakness is principally in the lack of experience and ability of the people who have been in many places in agriculture." On October 21, he lit into the trade unions for accumulating funds by means of compulsory deductions and fund-raising parties, both of which were to be forbidden, and for their grievance committees, which he called an example of "illusionism" and "revolutionary infantilism." On October 30, he turned on most of his cabinet ministers for spending too much money. On October 31, he incited a crowd, not for the first time, against "the bum [*vago*], the parasite, the *lumpen*" (the latter has become one of Castro's favorite expressions since he officially adopted Marxism-Leninism).

The notable thing about almost all this criticism, scolding, and abuse is that they were directed at the people rather than at his own policies. The people were rarely in positions of any real power and most often totally without power. And by avoiding policies and power, Fidel Castro did not have to criticize, scold, or abuse Fidel Castro.

Guevara's emphasis, on the other hand, has been refreshingly different. He has made several attempts to analyze what went wrong, two of which are worth noting at some length. The first was his reply to a question from the French correspondent, Jean Daniel, on whether the U.S. "blockade" had endangered Cuba:

> We have serious difficulties in Cuba. But not from the fact of what you call the blockade. First, there has never been a complete blockade. We have not ceased increasing our trade with Great Britain and France, for example. . . .
>
> Our difficulties come principally from our errors. The greatest, that which did us the most harm, is, as you know, the under-exploitation of sugar cane. The others involve all the inevitable gropings which the adaptation of collectivism to a local situation implies.[28]

But a speech by Guevara in Algiers on July 13, perhaps the most revealing confession of Cuba's misplanning on record, does not make the other errors seem so "inevitable." The fundamental trouble, said Guevara, came about because the Cubans tried to do two things that were contradictory. On the one hand, they "copied in detail the planning techniques of a fraternal country whose specialists came to help us," and on the other hand, they insisted on making their own decisions with "spontaneity and lack of analysis." He gave as an example of this planless planning the way they had arrived at their annual rate of economic growth. Instead of attempting to find out "what we had, what we should spend, and what we had

[28] *L'Express* (Paris), July 25, 1963.

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left over for development," the Cuban planners simply assumed a 15 per cent rate of growth and made everything else in the plan conform to it. Cuba had never made more than 10,000,000 pairs of shoes but the plan called for 22,000,000, and cattle and technical facilities were already inadequate. The chief of the forestry department sent up such a fantastic estimate of lumber production that Cuba, traditionally an importer of lumber, planned to export it. "Result: we continued to import lumber," said Guevara, "but we imported it late, badly, desperately looking around where to get it."

One may imagine the frustrations of the "fraternal specialists" in Cuba in this period. If the full story ever comes out, we may be sure that neither side will be lacking in tales of woe. But even if the planning had been less "ridiculous," which is how Guevara characterized it, the major policy decisions, as Guevara described them, would have been near-disastrous anyway. "In industry," he said, "we made a plan of development based fundamentally on the idea of being self-sufficient in a series of durable consumption goods or intermediate industrial articles, which, however, could be obtained with relative facility from friendly countries. In this way we committed our investment capacity without completely developing our own resources of raw materials, including some intermediate products that we now make." And "in agriculture, we committed the fundamental error of scorning the importance of sugar cane, our fundamental product, trying to achieve quick diversification, as a consequence of which the cane stocks were neglected, and this, added to an extraordinarily intense drought that afflicted us for two years, led to a serious drop in our sugar production."

IN SOME WAYS, then, Guevara has been far more candid than Castro, but he has not been any more self-critical. The "errors" of high policy, which he has expressed more clearly than anyone else, obviously strike at the very top, including Guevara himself. Yet like the others, he always speaks of them as if they had been committed by some anonymous force and not by the top leadership itself. In fact, the reversal of Cuban policy has been in large part a defeat for some of Guevara's favorite ideas. It was he who first put forward the slogan of "accelerated industrialization." It was he who played the leading role in negotiating the trade agreements with the Soviet bloc. It was he who broached the theory that "Cuban socialism," unlike the other varieties, should be based predominantly on "moral" rather than on "material" incentives.

This last point is typical of what might be called "Guevara-ism." As late as March 1963, Guevara still insisted publicly that the "moral stimulus" should take precedence over the "material stimulus," which he scornfully described as a "residue of the past" to be removed from the popular consciousness with every advance of the revolution. He told Jean Daniel in July: "For me, it is a question of doctrine. Economic socialism without Communist morality does not interest me."[29] Yet by August, even he had to recognize that the "moral stimulus" had not been very stimulating, and he grudgingly admitted that it was necessary "for the moment to give the material stimulus the importance which it has."[30] One can almost hear the debates in Cuba over relaxing or tightening the economic pressure on the peasants and workers in the guise of offering them more material or more moral "stimulus."

In a sense, Guevara has represented both the most distinctive and the most dubious sides of this Cuban revolution. In the name of Marxism, he has identified himself with theories—the peasantry as the leading revolutionary class, the countryside as the main revolutionary battleground, the primacy of the "moral stimulus"—that are far closer to the tradition of pre-Marxist Russian Populism and homologous movements elsewhere than to orthodox Marxism. He has embodied a peculiar doctrinairism of will and force to overcome all obstacles and enemies. His undoubtedly keen mind has invariably gravitated to the more extreme positions, which, sooner or later, and more often than not, have turned out to be Fidel Castro's positions.

Carlos Rafael Rodríguez has apparently represented a somewhat different tendency. He took over INRA with the slogan "technique, discipline, responsibility." While Guevara was stressing the "moral" over the "material," Rodríguez cautiously

[29] A further point he made in this interview raises an interesting question about his Marxism. Guevara continued: "We are struggling against poverty, but at the same time against alienation. One of the fundamental objectives of Marxism is to eliminate interest—the factor of 'individual interest'—and profit from psychological motivations." But Marx located "alienation" in the capitalist system of production, in capitalist exploitation. The concept had nothing to do with counterposing "material" and "moral" stimuli in a *socialist* economy, which is itself supposed to do away with alienation. For Marx, the solution for "alienation" was a material one, in the economic order though its consequences would be moral or psychological. The very dissociation of "socialist economy" and "Communist morality" would be alien to Marx's thought. From a Marxist viewpoint, a "socialist economy" should have a "socialist morality," and a "Communist economy" should have a "Communist morality" (assuming that Guevara is making the traditional distinction between socialism and Communism). Guevara's viewpoint actually implies that "alienation" can exist in a socialist as well as in a capitalist society, which may be true, but not in a Marxist sense. I am not suggesting that Guevara has no right to mix his categories; I merely question that it should be done in the name of poor, dead Marx.

[30] *Revolución*, March 25, 1963; *L'Express*, July 25, 1963; *Revolución*, August 21, 1963.

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advocated both types of incentive. He has complained against what he once called "a certain Jacobin attitude" of underestimating the importance of the scientific approach. "The man of the Revolution," he said pointedly, "formed in the hard school of combat, caught in the clamor of battle, does not always understand the utility and the necessity for the intellectual, for long and patient work, hoped-for results and failures sooner or later overcome."[31] Early in 1963, Guevara and Rodríguez seemed to be engaged in a struggle over control of the sugar industry. The question had arisen in the top leadership whether, in view of the sad state of the agricultural side of the industry under Rodríguez's jurisdiction, it might not be better to transfer control of the whole operation to the industrial side under Guevara's jurisdiction. The decision went in favor of leaving the agricultural sector of the industry in Rodríguez's INRA. But Guevara, evidently not satisfied, soon denounced the lack of coordination in the industry and demanded "only one road, only one view, only one voice." Rodríguez came back with a reminder that the decision had been made to leave the production of the sugar cane to INRA, but agreed that there was a problem and added that he intended to discuss it further with Che. Nothing more of this little squabble was heard publicly, and Rodríguez still has charge of the growing of sugar cane in the field.[32]

A WELL-KNOWN French agronomist and Castro sympathizer, Professor René Dumont, who was given unusual opportunities to study Cuban agricultural policy and practice, has told revealing stories of his experiences. Dumont came to Cuba for the first time on his own initiative in May 1960. At that time he was struck by the dangerously excessive tendency to centralize and socialize (a better term would be the French *étatisé*). He foresaw that the centralization would lead to a top-heavy, deadening bureaucracy and the "socialization" to macrocephalic, inefficient production units. Significantly, he confided his doubts to Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, then editor of the official Communist organ, *Hoy*, who asked him to repeat them to Fidel Castro in person. Castro seemed most grateful to hear Dumont's criticisms, and a press interview was arranged for Dumont. Encouraged by Castro's seemingly favorable reception, Dumont publicly voiced his misgivings, but great was his astonishment when the entire Havana press failed to carry a word about the interview the next day.

He returned, however, three months later, in August 1960, at Castro's personal invitation. As he put it, "my disquiet increased." He was taken by Castro on a personal tour of the Ciénaga de Zapata, a large swampland into which Castro had sunk millions of dollars in an extravagant reclamation project. His disquiet increased because Castro told him privately during this tour that he intended to set up the large-scale state-owned *granjas*. Dumont tried unsuccessfully to dissuade him. Not only did Castro go ahead with the *granjas* in 1961 but, as we have seen, they swallowed up the "cooperatives" the following year.[33]

In September 1963, Dumont returned to Cuba for the third time. Most of his fears about the *granjas* had been realized. He encountered on a large scale what he has called "bureaucratized anarchy." Again he recommended smaller and more controllable units of production with a view toward trying to do less and to achieve more. Whatever may be the merits of Dumont's views, his insight into the different tendencies within the Castro regime is particularly important:

> The most realistic Cuban leaders, headed by President of the Republic Osvaldo Dorticós and president of INRA Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, have well understood these problems. The dogmatists in the Planning Board and the Ministry of Industries, on the contrary, continue to defend the dangerous thesis of *ultra-centralized leadership of the economy, managed by means of budgetary credits*. The latter scorn the experience accumulated by the other socialist countries. Their justification is that Cuba is a small island endowed with good commercial media, where centralization will be easier than in the U.S.S.R.! Even more serious is the fact that they present the results of their system to the government with an over-optimistic slant and continue to make unrealistic, unattainable forecasts of production, even when the experience of the past years proves them to be wrong (*italics in original*).

The Planning Board (*Junta Central de Planificación*) is headed, it should be noted, by Prime Minister Castro, and the Ministry of Industries, of course, by Guevara. But Dumont still saw one source of hope:

> But to fall into the other extreme of pessimism, to speak of the economic defeat of Cuba, would be an even more serious error. Fidel's intellectual grasp of the economic necessities becomes daily more concrete, more realistic. I would tend to believe that he would make even more rapid progress if he did not fear being treated as a "Bukharinist" or a "Titoist" by the Chinese.[34]

At least one highly qualified observer, then, had

[31] Rodríguez, *Hoy*, March 12 and 24, 1963.

[32] Guevara, *Hoy*, February 12, 1963; Rodríguez, speech of February 24, 1963.

[33] Dumont wrote about his first trip in *L'Express*, July 28, September 8 and 22, 1960, and in Chapter VII of his book *Terres Vivantes* (Plon, 1961).

[34] *France Observateur* (Paris), October 3, 1963.

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reason to believe that Guevara and Rodríguez belong to somewhat different tendencies within Castro's regime. My own experience with Rodríguez in March 1960 may be worth recalling. After he had patiently answered my questions for about two hours, he suddenly turned the tables and said: "Now I would like to ask you some questions. An outsider sometimes sees things that we are too close to see. What are your impressions of Cuba?" I replied: "My chief impression is that you are declaring war on your entire middle class. If that is what you want, you will get it, but if that is not what you want, you are heading for trouble." Rodríguez thought a moment and then said quietly: "I have tried to tell the same thing to my colleagues but they will not listen."

Nevertheless, one can easily get the wrong impression about a man like Rodríguez. He joined the Communist party of Cuba at the age of twenty in 1933. He went through all the twists and turns of the entire Stalinist period without any record of protest or embarrassment. When the party told him to become a minister in Batista's cabinet in 1944, he became a minister. He has had thirty years of Communist molding, discipline, and loyalty—to the Soviet Union. He has the mentality and training of an intelligent intellectual functionary, not an independent political thinker or leader. He has, whatever his private convictions, faithfully accepted the party line under Castro as he did under Stalin. And he is likely to continue doing so as long as Soviet Russia considers it to be in its interest to support Castro.

There is reason to believe, then, that a struggle of policies and personalities took place in the Cuban top leadership for perhaps a year or more. Out of this struggle has emerged a new stage of Castro's revolution as it enters its sixth year.

V

THE NEW STAGE is being called the Second Agrarian Reform. Its repercussions and implications are quite as drastic and far-reaching as those of the first "reform" in May 1959.

The timing of the new order suggests that it came out of the agreements reached by Castro and Khrushchev in Moscow in May 1963. In his report on his Soviet tour on June 4, Castro made known that an "international division of labor" was necessary, according to which Cuba would specialize in what she was best fitted by nature—namely agriculture. On June 27, he intimated that the "medium farmers," whom he accused of "sabotaging sugar production," were in for a bad time. On July 27, he announced that compulsory military service was coming. On August 10, he touched on a new "agrarian reform," but said that the final details had not yet been decided. On October 2, he publicly proclaimed the Second Agrarian Reform. And on November 12, his brother, Minister of the Armed Forces Raúl Castro, made the official pronouncement on compulsory military service.

This sequence of events in the last six months of 1963 was interconnected because the new "agrarian reform" is but part of a much larger, sweeping changeover in the aims and methods of the regime.

Formally, the Second Agrarian Reform differs from the first in the proportion of privately-owned to state-owned land it establishes. By 1961, the first one had established a balance of 29.16 per cent state-owned *granjas,* 11.83 per cent "cooperatives," and 59.01 per cent privately-owned.[35] After the first two were merged, the balance became more simply about 40 per cent state-owned and about 60 per cent privately-owned. This relationship was, in effect, the ultimate result of the first Agrarian Reform.

The privately-owned 60 per cent was divided into three categories: 140,000 landowners with less than two *caballerías* of land (one *caballería* equals 33 acres); 60,000 with two to five *caballerías;* and 10,000 with between five and thirty *caballerías.* The first two were classified as small farmers and the third as medium farmers.[36] The *latifundistas* or large landowners had been liquidated in 1959.

In its most elementary sense, the Second Agrarian Reform has shifted the balance from 40-60 in favor of the private sector to 70-30 in favor of the state sector. The shift has been accomplished by another great wave of expropriation, this time of the 10,000 "medium farmers." The remaining 30 per cent of small farmers, however, will also decline because those who drop out will not be replaced. In any case, the small peasants are totally dependent on the state and tightly controlled by an association closely linked to INRA. Gradually the state sector in agriculture will edge up to the 95 per cent of industry already owned by the Cuban state.

Technically, the Second Agrarian Reform has another important side to it. It will attempt to combine more state ownership with more decentralized operation. The plan calls for more regional control and smaller productive units, with greater responsibility for local farm administrators. The regime is counting heavily on youngsters sent to agricultural schools for periods of a few months to as much as two years to staff the new state farms. In effect, if anything, a larger and more efficient bureaucracy will be needed than ever before.

Whether the new system will work out any

[35] Report of Antonio Núñez Jiménez, *Bohemia,* May 28, 1961.

[36] Raúl Cepero Bonilla, *Cuba Socialista,* January 1963, for the division of the privately-owned lands; Fidel Castro, *Hoy,* August 11, 1963, on the classification of small farmers.

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better than the old remains to be seen. The "bureaucratic anarchy" may get worse rather than better. I do not mean to suggest that there cannot be any fluctuations in Cuba's economic fortunes. The spectacular rise in the world sugar price will prove to be an enormous windfall if the shortage should continue and the Cuban sugar crop can be substantially increased in the next year or two. Castro has indicated that he expects to benefit from high sugar prices in 1965 and 1966, but that the price will plunge again toward 1970. But whatever the short-term factors, the agricultural crisis has had its roots in long-term, basic policies. The errors and misdeeds which Castro has been denouncing—exorbitant costs of production, lax or non-existent methods of accounting, administrative ignorance and bungling—have been symptoms rather than causes.

The underlying cause has been the determination to build "Cuban socialism" on agriculture if it could not be done on industry, and to "socialize" the peasants after socializing the workers had done little good. In large part, the new system is merely the old one writ large. The extension of state ownership in agriculture has become an immediate reality; the institution of efficient decentralization is only a goal. INRA will have to incorporate hundreds of thousands of acres more at the same time as it attempts to exercise less direct control over each unit. There will be more *granjas* than ever before, despite Professor Dumont's touching faith in Fidel Castro; and the only question is whether they will be more efficiently run.

IF THE economic side of the Second Agrarian Reform is still questionable, the political side is only too clear. The stage has been set for an unprecedented, government-induced paroxysm of "class warfare" in the countryside. Castro himself used the expression in a speech to agricultural students on October 2 in which he told them to expect a "harder class battle" than had taken place after the first agrarian reform. He did his utmost to whip the boys into a frenzy against the new "class enemy," the "rural bourgeoisie" of medium farmers, who were even more dangerous than the large landowners, he said, because the former had "a certain training, a certain education, many friendships."

Oddly enough, in all the criticisms of Cuban agriculture by Castro, Guevara, and especially Rodríguez for many months before the Second Agrarian Reform, the medium farmers had hardly been mentioned. After all that had been said about the misplanning at the top, the perversion of the cooperatives and the maladministration of the *granjas,* the political ax came down on the medium farmers.

The background of the compulsory military service law is equally curious. The Cuban military buildup was so great by the middle of 1963 that Castro saw fit to boast on June 4 that Cuba enjoyed a "situation of security," as far as any direct invasion by the United States was concerned. On June 27, he claimed that the last "counter-revolutionary infiltrators" were being wiped out and had been abandoned by those who had sent them. Thus, his first explanation on July 27 for compulsory military service was purely internal in character. He said that it was one of two measures—the other was compulsory junior high school [*Secundaria Básica*] attendance—to prevent "the parasitical element, the potential *lumpen* of tomorrow" from developing. He linked the military service law solely with adolescents who dropped out of secondary school and became "uneducated, ignorant, parasitical."

It was apparently realized that it might be considered peculiar for "Socialist Cuba" to solve social problems by military means. By the time Raúl Castro officially presented the compulsory military service law on November 12, he found it necessary to make a special point of denying that it had been conceived "to do away with *los vagos.*" He pointed out that the new law would mean a substantial saving in soldiers' salaries, because the recruits would get only seven pesos a month and not what they had earned as civilians, as in the former system; he argued that it would enable the armed forces more easily to discharge troops who had served their terms of enlistment.[37] But he did not succeed altogether in disposing of the suspicion that the new law may be far more important for economic and social than for strictly military reasons.

The unusually low age limit of seventeen will put many youths in the armed forces. Most of the new recruits, Raúl said, will actually come from the 17-20 age group. They will spend three to four months a year cutting sugar cane or picking coffee beans. Raúl justified a three-year service period on the ground that it would enable the armed forces to cut more cane and pick more coffee. In fact, the future Cuban army will be curiously divided into two classes: those who will and those who will not be permitted to bear arms. The latter category will be made up of "the *vagos,*

[37] In connection with this argument, Raúl Castro made an unexpectedly revealing reference to the arrival of Soviet troops in Cuba in August 1962. He recalled that one unit on the Isle of Pines was supposed to be demobilized that month, and then gave this explanation for the delay: "At those very moments, the Soviet troops were arriving in our country. It was logical to think that, for one reason or another, difficult days might be approaching." Raúl used the expression *"la tropa soviética,"* or "Soviet troops," not technicians or instructors or some other circumlocution. Fidel Castro had previously made known that the Soviet-Cuban negotiations, which had resulted in "the strengthening of our Armed Forces and the dispatch of strategic missiles to our country" had taken place in June 1962 (*Revolución,* April 20, 1963).

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the *lumpen*, the *gusanos*" and other undesirables.[38]

Whether it is the main reason or a most important by-product, the compulsory military service law will give the Castro regime a cheap, militarized labor corps. This corps will take the place of the "volunteer" system on which the regime had previously depended in emergencies. For some time, it had become clear that the "volunteers" were less and less voluntary; they were, in fact, groups of workers hauled off in trucks from government offices and state-owned factories to perform agricultural tasks for which they were ill-fitted and ill-disposed. They were also highly inefficient; they cut the cane too high or picked unripe coffee beans. Worst of all, they were exorbitantly expensive. Fidel Castro admitted that the volunteer system had resulted in an economic loss because, as he put it, "we pulled out a worker with a productivity of $10 and we probably set him picking coffee with a productivity of $1.50." Raúl Castro cited the case of fourteen electrical workers who cost $5,800 in salaries and other expenses and picked $304 worth of coffee.[39]

There is little reason to wonder at a law which is designed to solve labor and social problems through militarization. It is but part of a trend that is reflected in Cuba's penal system. There is, for example, Law No. 1098 which was enacted early in 1963. It provides for twenty to thirty years imprisonment for robbery or larceny of as little as $100 if minors are involved and the death penalty if committed in uniform. The accused must be brought to trial in twenty-four hours and sentenced within seventy-two hours.[40] This law can only mean that militiamen in uniform went on a rampage of housebreaking and robbery, and that the regime could not regain control without resorting to methods no longer considered tolerable in civilized countries. And precisely such a rampage had taken place in Cuba, as the Cuban press has admitted in congratulatory articles and editorials on the efficaciousness of Law No. 1098.

There is also the revival in Cuba of labor camps, of which the world probably expected to hear the last when Stalin died. Since the Cuban government has refused to permit the International Red Cross or any other disinterested body to investigate these camps and other penal institutions, most of the information about them has had to come from Cuban exiles. At least one of these camps, however, has been mentioned in the Cuban press. It is located on the forsaken peninsula of Guanahacabibes at the westernmost tip of the island and seems to be chiefly populated by administrators or officials charged with infraction of rules. In a recent interview with Guevara in a Havana newspaper, it was suggested that this camp might have been responsible for producing "inhibitions" in the bureaucracy. Guevara was not impressed.[41]

It should not be impossible, especially for self-professed Marxists, to see the connection between the increasingly repressive and retrogressive penal system, the deepening economic crisis, and deteriorating social conditions. What is harder to understand is the lack of protest or even interest among those who would be shocked by such methods in any other country in the world.

VI

"WE WILL NOT establish Military Service because it is not right to force a man to put on a uniform and a helmet, to give him a rifle and force him to march."[42]

These words of the Fidel Castro of January 1959 are so far from the Fidel Castro of January 1964 that there is no point in belaboring the difference. What is more significant and less well known is Castro's own attitude toward his past, both the more distant past of his struggle for power and the more recent past of his exercise of power.

Toward the period before 1959, the Cuban leaders have adopted an attitude of worldly-wise political estrangement. They speak of it as if they were blasé grownups looking back at their innocent and somewhat brainless childhood. Guevara, for example, told the Algerians on July 13 that the leaders of the Cuban revolution "were only a group of fighters with high ideals and little preparation." On October 30, after holding forth on the necessity of avoiding "tedium, uniformity, and monotony" under socialism, Castro thought of saying: "It is possible that we ourselves could not have expressed these things to the people years ago, because we did not know; but we knew that we did not know." And he went on with even greater modesty to say that they did not know any more than they had known when they had landed in the "Granma," the yacht that had brought them from Mexico to Cuba, in December 1956. All he could claim seven years later was that they were far more aware than they had been of the "extraordinary possibilities."

Of the period between 1959 and 1963, Castro has been equally disparaging. In October 1963,

[38] *"Gusano"* (worm) is the generic term of abuse in Cuba for "counter-revolutionaries." Thus, after the death of Dag Hammarskjöld, Guevara called him *"un servil gusano imperialista"*—a servile, imperialist worm (*Revolución*, October 30, 1961).

[39] Fidel Castro, *Revolución*, October 22, 1963; Raúl Castro, *ibid.*, November 13, 1963.

[40] This law was explained and defended by the Public Prosecutor, Dr. Santiago Cuba, in *Hoy*, March 29, 1963.

[41] *La Tarde*, November 11, 1963. An excellent study, *Cuba and the Rule of Law*, was published by the International Commission of Jurists in Geneva in 1962, but it does not report the worst excesses, such as Law No. 1098 and the labor camps, which had not yet appeared.

[42] Fidel Castro, speech of January 13, 1959 (*Revolución*, January 14, 1959).

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the month of the Second Agrarian Reform, he referred to these years as "the era of spoiled children, of being tolerant around here, of mistakes, of infantilisms." A few days later, he said that "we cannot go into the sixth year of the Revolution with short kindergarten pants," and he asserted that it was necessary "to leave behind the stage of economic cretinism." [43]

This harsh judgment of the revolution's immediate past, which is, after all, his own, does not prevent Castro from assuring the same audience that he has at last found the right road and that the agricultural future is just as bright as the industrial past was to have been. But the admission of ingenuous blundering is not without political purpose.

It serves, above all, to emphasize the sharpness of the coming break with the recent past, as if, in its sixth year, the Cuban revolution is going to enter not merely another stage but its first real stage and begin to take itself seriously. The Cuban leaders have felt a need to tear down and poke fun at most of their first five years in power in order to free themselves of all past commitments. This revolution has been peculiar in that it has periodically required a *tabula rasa*. Ironically, therefore, the very things about it that charmed and won over foreign sympathizers like Jean-Paul Sartre, C. Wright Mills, Waldo Frank, and others are busily being repudiated and denounced in Cuba. After "a few conversations and a quick look round" on the island in 1961, Mrs. Joan Robinson reported enthusiastically: "This free-hand style of administration, which astonishes visitors from East and West alike, can work (and somehow it does work, errors and omissions excepted) because the country is small and the administrators know each other, having been under fire together in the mountains." [44] That "free-hand style of administration" is exactly what the Cuban leaders are determined to wipe out because it could not work. Those little concrete houses for peasants that went up in the first year or two of Castro's regime are now regretted as having been "unproductive." In the long list of errors that Guevara recited in Algiers, one was "too much emphasis at the beginning to the satisfaction of social needs."

If any democratic leader confessed to the kind of errors made in Cuba, he would risk becoming a laughingstock. But the Cubans are not judged by ordinary democratic standards. They enjoy, in some circles, a special dispensation given to them by the old magic word, "Revolution," and in Latin America, the new magic word, "Marxism." The first one has virtually lost all meaning, and the same thing seems to be happening to the second. As it is widely used in Latin America, however, it might better be called "magic Marxism," because it has little in common with the original. Socialism, after all, was not invented by Marx. He spent a lifetime trying to put the earlier utopian thought on a "scientific" foundation, that is, to determine the social and economic conditions necessary for its realization. There have been many "socialisms," but in our time, the old varieties tend to reappear in new guises under the single brand name of "Marxism." Thus, we now have Cuban "Marxists" who were capable of ordering factories and overlooking the little detail of raw materials; and who, when they could not make a success of 40 per cent nationalized agriculture, nationalized 30 per cent more.

As one looks back at Castro's five years in power, the main thread of continuity seems to be Castro's power itself. This power has rested primarily on those—in the leadership as well as among the masses—who have supported him unconditionally rather than on those who have supported what he has stood for. His personal cadre has been loyal to him for about ten years through his different public manifestations, as a constitutional democrat, an anti-Communist and anti-capitalist "humanist," a "Socialist," a "Marxist-Leninist," and a Communist. It is spread throughout the government and the party, but its chief stronghold is the armed forces which have become the virtually private preserve of the unconditional *Fidelistas* of longest standing. In his early period, Leon Trotsky once observed that the party organization substitutes itself for the party, the Central Committee substitutes itself for the party organization, and finally "a single 'dictator' substitutes himself for the Central Committee." Castro has reversed the process. He started as the Leader and only afterward felt a need for a Central Committee, a party organization and a party. But at all times, he has retained an inner group and an outer mass loyal to himself alone, and they have given him a margin of maneuverability vis-à-vis the old-time Cuban Communists and the other Communist states and parties that he would not have had with control of the government and party alone.

Without an original, creative, and indigenous doctrine of his own, he filled the void in himself —the void expressed in his *"No sabíamos,"* we did not know—with Communism, as he had previously filled it with other movements. But the challenging and difficult problem of his Communism is that he has filled it partly with his personal idiosyncracies and partly with hang-overs of the Latin-American revolutionary tradition. The result is a peculiar variant from any Communism we have known, and variants by their nature tend to be the same and different, depending on what one chooses to emphasize. Those who think of him as Khrushchev's puppet or Mao's secret agent

[43] *Revolución*, October 22 and 31, 1963.
[44] *The Listener* (London), August 24, 1961, p. 265.

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have grotesquely underestimated Fidel Castro's stake in Fidel Castro.

Hence, Castro has worked out a system of governing which he is both within and above. He does everything but cannot be blamed for anything. When Carlos Rafael Rodríguez told of the mistreatment of the peasantry in the last half of 1961 and first months of 1962, he found it necessary to add: "Many times the peasant showed his disagreement and rebelliousness against situations that were not just with these words: 'If Fidel knew about it.' "[45] But how could Fidel have failed to know? After all, he had in that very period been President of INRA, and the former Executive Director, Antonio Núñez Jiménez, had been directly responsible to him. If the peasants, including the poorest ones, had for at least eight months been provoked to rebelliousness by INRA officials, local political leaders, and even "comrades of the Revolutionary Armed Forces," as Rodríguez said, what was the Maximum Leader, the Prime Minister, the head of the Party, and the President of INRA doing all that time? At the end of 1963, the same actors played out the same little drama. This time Rodríguez was on the receiving end of one of Castro's tantrums. On October 30, 1963, as a result of another agricultural shakeup, Castro cried out: "Enough of revolutionary theoreticians, enough of purely theoretical Marxists! The purely theoretical Marxist-Leninist is really an unproductive expense to society." Whom did he mean? Forty-eight hours later, Rodríguez and the entire staff of INRA signed a long, self-debasing letter, addressed to Castro, confessing to all the errors and misdeeds that Castro had inveighed against.

The internal perspective for Castro's Cuba is a somber one. "Magic Marxism" has lost its spell, and all that remains is to exhort and drive the peasants to grow more sugar cane and the workers to put in longer hours for the state. The only thing that could conceivably enable Castro to regain his old bravado would be a *Fidelista* seizure of power in another Latin American country, for which reason he has been willing to gamble so heavily in Venezuela.[46] But in the event of an even more extreme crisis at home, Castro is prepared to take even more extreme measures to remain in power. In the first year, he glorified the uniqueness of the Cuban revolution which, he said, enjoyed the support of 90 to 95 per cent of the people and sought "the unity of all sectors of all conditions of society" (May 21, 1959). In the fifth year, as the percentage of popular support had dropped sharply, and ways of disuniting more and more of Cuban society had been found, he came forth with a theory of revolution which will make it impossible for him to run out of enemies. "The Revolution," he said, "needs the enemy; the proletariat does not flee from the enemy; it needs the enemy. The Revolution needs for its development its antithesis which is the counterrevolution."[47] In different circumstances, Stalin developed a related theory that the class struggle sharpens as socialism advances. If he did not have enough enemies, he invented them. Castro's enemies are also more and more of his own making, and more and more among the peasants and workers who must be "disciplined."

The ultimate tragedy of Cuba may well be that there was no country in Latin America in 1959 where the social and psychological conditions were more favorable for a truly progressive democracy, and that there is one country in Latin America in 1964 where all that socialism once stood for is being discredited.

[45] *Revolución,* May 18, 1963.

[46] It should be added: against the precepts in Guevara's little manual, *Guerrilla Warfare*. Guevara wrote: "Where a government has come into power through some form of popular vote, fraudulent or not, and maintains at least an appearance of constitutional legality, the guerrilla outbreak cannot be promoted, since the possibilities of peaceful struggle have not yet been exhausted." But the Venezuelan government came into power through an undeniable popular vote. Guevara also wrote that "it is the countryside that offers ideal conditions for the fight." But President Betancourt was strongest precisely in the Venezuelan countryside.

[47] *Hoy,* February 24, 1963.

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DAN JACOBSON

A MATTER OF FAITH

A Memoir

I WAS having supper later than usual, that evening, on my own; my wife was upstairs, putting the children to bed. A ring on the doorbell interrupted me. I was about to go and answer it when I heard my wife's footsteps coming downstairs. A few moments later she same into the kitchen, looking slightly annoyed. "Some people want to see you," she said. "Old people. I don't know who they are. I think they took me for the *au pair* girl, from the way they spoke to me."

Actually, my wife has reached an age when she should be complimented when callers take her for an *au pair* girl, but she never is; she is affronted every time it happens. And in this particular case, as things turned out, the error made by the callers was not just a tribute to her youthful appearance.

I went to the door, leaving behind me the bowl of stewed plums I'd just begun to eat. In the hall there stood a couple not quite as old as my wife's words had somehow led me to expect, but quite well advanced in years all the same. The woman took my eye first, with her beige suit, beige spectacle-frames studded with bits of iridescence, and a fierce, mannish beige hat with a brim, which sat well forward on her head. She was carrying a beige umbrella, neatly rolled. Her hair was gray; her expression was benign, almost patronizing. It contrasted oddly not only with her hat, but also with the anxious look on the face of the man, who stood in a humble way, his hat in front of his chest, and his head lowered slightly. He was bald, thick-set, and round-featured; his suit was dark, his tie was sober, his shoes were highly polished. They were obviously man and wife, and were obviously Jewish. I had never seen either of them before.

The man cleared his throat deferentially as I approached, and asked me if I was Mr. Jacobson.

I admitted I was.

"Mr. Dan Jacobson, the writer?"

"Yes."

"From South Africa?"

"Yes."

By this time I knew from his accent that my visitors, too, were from South Africa. He then introduced himself; he was Mr. ——— from Cape Town, and this lady was his wife. He knew, he said, that they were taking a great liberty in calling on me in this way, but they hoped I would be good enough to forgive them. All they wanted was a few minutes of my time in which to consult me on a particular matter. If I could not see them then—and he was sure I was a very busy man—perhaps I would consider making an appointment for some other time. They wished to cause me as little inconvenience as possible; but the matter they wished to discuss with me was really rather an urgent one. That was why they were taking such an unpardonable liberty.

All this had been delivered in a curious, hushed, confidential tone, with much hesitation and great formality in the choice of words used. His wife, in the meantime, had been nodding and smiling encouragingly at both me and her husband; she was clearly under less strain, she clearly felt more confidence in her evident respectability and good will than her husband did. And even he, having arrived circuitously back where he had started from, blew out his well-shaven cheeks slightly and stood a little less humbly.

"What is it you want to speak to me about?"

He dropped his voice even lower than before: so low that I had to lean forward to hear

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what he was saying. A personal matter. A matter of great delicacy. A private problem.

The puzzlement which must have registered itself on my face prompted his wife to say, "A personal matter that concerns us, not you." Her voice sounded loud and self-assured after her husband's; and, having spoken, she nodded and smiled even more encouragingly than before. But her husband merely looked away at the wall and repeated, "A matter of great delicacy."

"We thought we'd ask your help," the wife said, and smiled.

"You may be able to help us," the man echoed.

"We're strangers in London, we really don't know anyone here."

"Strangers here . . ." the man again echoed discreetly. "A personal matter . . . great liberty . . . not your concern . . . patience to listen to us . . . no one else in London."

Of course, my curiosity was roused, and so too was a feeling of sympathy for them. In spite of the woman's self-confident expression, they were plainly embarrassed; they were in trouble; I was conscious of the gap between my age and theirs, which made the fact that they were appealing to me for help seem almost a reproach to my conscience; I was touched even by the man's South African accent which, though he was obviously doing his best to speak "well," betrayed him at every other vowel.

So I said, "Well, if you'll let me finish my supper, I'll see you right away, rather than make an appointment for later."

"That would be very good of you," the man answered with alacrity. And his wife looked gratified: her confidence in me, she seemed to be indicating, had not been misplaced.

I showed them into the living room and went back into the kitchen, where my wife was washing up with an injured air. This made her look more than ever like the *au pair* girl. Washing up after supper is my job usually; but everything had been put out because of my lateness in beginning the meal, and the subsequent intrusion of the visitors.

"Who are they?" she demanded. "Have they gone?"

"No, they're in the sitting-room. I don't know who they are."

"What do they want?"

"To consult me on a personal matter."

"What do you mean?"

"That's what they said. A personal matter that concerns them, not me, they said."

My wife went back to her washing up with even greater dissatisfaction than before, and pointedly refrained from asking me any more questions. And I ate my stewed plums.

I FOUND my visitors seated exactly as I had left them; the man with his hat in his lap, the woman with her umbrella leaning against the arm of her chair. They had the look of people who had been silent for some time. But when the man began speaking to me again, it soon became clear that he had been reflecting on what had passed between us, and that he had decided he had demeaned himself unnecessarily, he had been too humble, in the hall. Perhaps he had found me younger in appearance than he'd anticipated; perhaps the fact that our sitting-room is badly in need of redecorating had also given him courage. Anyway, he began by telling me, at some length, everything that he felt to be creditable about himself: his profession, his standing in the community, the many eminent people in Cape Town who were his clients, the things that some of these people had said about him, the positions he held on various committees. I was given to understand, altogether, that he was a man of standing. I was not to suppose that because he knew no one in London, he was friendless or helpless in Cape Town.

His manner had changed with these words, and so, too, had his appearance. Something hard and dry in him had emerged; it showed itself particularly in his smile, which was a mere quick, unamused retraction of his lips to reveal pale gums and small teeth; a perfunctory grimace which expressed rather than concealed resentment and self-assertion. And the more confident he became, the less cheerful grew his wife. She sagged in her chair, her mouth hung open slightly, she no longer smiled.

At last he began to get down to the business that had brought him to see me, and embarrassment returned; his wife sat forward. He and his wife, he told me, had three children: a son who was a doctor in Cape Town, a daughter who was married to a doctor in Johannesburg, and another younger son here in London. The younger son had qualified as a lawyer in South Africa, and was now doing his articles with a firm of solicitors in the city; he wanted to remain in England, to settle in London. He had also always been very interested in writing and the theater and arts and things like that; that was one of the reasons why he preferred to live

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in London. And also because of the political situation in South Africa, of course.

His name was Barry,* the man said. Did I know him? Had I perhaps happened to have met him? He repeated the name several times, as if in hope of evoking some recognition of it from me. But I knew no one called Barry ——, and said so.

They exchanged a disappointed glance with one another. "We thought that perhaps you'd met," the wife said. "But you never have? You haven't heard about him from others?"

"No."

"That's a pity," she said, with a faint trace of reproach; for the first time, I'd let her down.

"Well," the man took up the story, speaking in a diminished but dogged voice, "last week Barry wrote to us, out of the blue, that he'd got married. The girl he married is not—is not of our faith. Not of our persuasion." He added, as if afraid I might have been unable to understand the words he had used: "She is not one of our people. She is not one of us."

His wife took up the story. "He had mentioned her in a letter he wrote about four months ago, but then he didn't write about her again, so we thought there was nothing in it. And then, suddenly, we got this letter saying that they were already married. So we came straightaway to see what we could do about it."

A long silence followed. It was broken by the wife explaining simply, as if no more needed to be said, "That's why we need your help."

Her husband had been examining his hat. He looked up with another smile or grimace. "We're not old-fashioned people," he said. "We're not Orthodox, or anything like that. You mustn't misunderstand what we feel. We've got nothing against the girl. She seems very nice; just an English girl, very quiet, very ordinary."

"No beauty," his wife put in sternly.

"No," the man agreed. "She's no beauty. We met her the day after we came, and we've seen her once since. We had lunch together."

He settled down and examined his hat once more. He drew a deep breath. "What we want to ask you," he said, "is to persuade him that he should have this girl converted."

THE REQUEST was out: I had suspected for some time what it was going to be, but I could still not believe in it, even after it had been made; even though they were now staring fixedly at me with an expression of cajolery, hope, and doubt. Before I could speak, he went on, "She's agreeable. She says she'll do it if Barry asks her. But *he*—he says no, he doesn't want to ask her to do it. He says maybe later on she'll be sorry if she does it. That he doesn't want it for himself. He says they're happy as they are. So what can we do with him?"

"I spoke to her," the wife said, "after lunch, in the ladies' room at this restaurant. And she said the same thing to me. She was willing to be converted if Barry asked her to. But he wouldn't."

"We're not Orthodox," the man repeated. "We don't care what sort of a conversion it is, Orthodox or Reform, it makes no difference. So long as it's something. And what we thought is that perhaps you will be able to use your influence on Barry and—er—persuade him that it would be the right thing to do."

"But why—what made you—?"

"Come to you? Well, Barry has always been so interested in literature and books, we thought you'd be a suitable person to speak to him. You see, we've read about you in the papers at home, and we didn't know anyone else in London we could approach; so I thought it's worth taking a chance, that perhaps you wouldn't mind doing this for us. You're a writer, Barry would have respect for your advice. We did think of going to a Reform rabbi, but Barry wouldn't listen to such a person in the way he'd listen to you. He wouldn't even meet a rabbi. But he'd be glad to meet you. I know how interested he is in all artistic things."

In my surprise and incredulity, another question had occurred to me. So I put it to them, having nothing else to say: "Have you ever read anything I've written?"

The man hesitated, obviously wondering whether or not it would be safe to tell a lie. Then he decided to tell the truth. "No," he admitted.

"And has your son ever said anything about me?"

He shook his head. "No, he never mentioned that he met you."

"Or that he'd ever read anything of mine?"

"No," he admitted again.

His wife felt he wasn't acquitting himself very well; that perhaps he was offending me with all these denials. "But I'm sure he's heard of you. We've heard of you, and we don't know

* Barry is not the name he gave. But it will do.

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as much about books as Barry does. He'd have respect for you, believe me."

Again we were all silent.

"Barry was the one person in the family who was really quite Orthodox, when he was a boy," the woman said. "He used to go to *shul*, he used to say we should keep up everything, all the old traditions. But then he stopped being like that. He took up other interests. He began to say that he'd rather be a writer than anything else. That's why I know he'd be glad to meet you. It would mean a lot to him. You could talk to him about all sorts of things, you could be his friend, you're older than he is and you could guide him. He'd be grateful. And then, when you gave him your advice on this matter, he'd listen to you."

The incredible simplicity and naïveté of the fantasy they had erected for me and their Barry was positively imposing; it was so irrational I didn't know where or how I could begin breaking it down. I wondered which of them, in their hotel room, had had the idea of approaching me; I wondered what other names they had canvassed among themselves: ballet dancers, actors, painters, poets. But the list couldn't have been too long, once they had decided they must find someone "artistic," South African, and Jewish, who lived in London.

But I had to begin somewhere, having let them go as far as they had. I spoke slowly, for my own sake as much as theirs. "Assuming that I'd agree to help you—I'm not saying I would, but just assuming I might—how do you suggest I should meet your son? Do you think I should phone him and say that you've called and—"

They were both signaling violent dissension. "No, no, that would be terrible, that would be the worst thing."

"Then—how?"

This was one of the details they had neglected. They considered it now. I reminded them that London was a very, very big city, much bigger than Cape Town. They agreed. Well, they said eventually, they had thought that in the first place I might just happen to know Barry; or that I might know some of Barry's friends, and so be able to meet him quite naturally—once I'd heard about him, once I wanted to meet him.

Who were Barry's friends in London? I asked.

Again they thought for a long time. Then they said that there was a Johannesburg boy he'd mentioned in some of his letters, Hymie Cohen: perhaps I knew him.

I didn't know Hymie Cohen of Johannesburg. Did they know the names of any of the others?

No, they answered, they really didn't know who Barry's friends in London were. But, they said more hopefully, "You're both South Africans, so surely you'll meet anyway."

AND THAT was it. That was all. That was as far as they were prepared to consider the practicality of even that part of their scheme. For the rest, they seemed almost to feel that meeting Barry was my problem, not theirs. And they reverted, with pleasure, to telling me how I would look after Barry, how I would help him, how I would eventually persuade him to have his wife converted. They praised Barry's intelligence and sensitivity, and suggested that I would find him a rewarding companion; they assured me that they were really broadminded and would welcome his wife "as a daughter" if she became converted; they thanked me effusively for the trouble they were sure I would take and for the success they were sure I would have. They were well-groomed, well-brushed, respectable, soft-spoken; but I began to wonder whether either of them was altogether sane. There was something almost megalomaniac in their apparent conviction that their distress was everyone's, was the world's, which the world had somehow to relieve. They were without shame. The quality of their self-absorption, the intensity of their demand that the injury they had suffered be attended to immediately, was such as to exclude for the moment any real awareness of others, let alone affection toward them.

And among these "others" was their son, Barry. As they talked on and on it became clear that they knew almost nothing about him, or about his wife, and weren't interested in learning. They didn't know who his friends were, they didn't know the name of the firm for which he worked, they didn't know what his wife had done before her marriage or whether she was still working now. They hadn't bothered to ask. They had flown from Cape Town to try to nullify, so far as it could be nullified, a disgrace, a social disgrace. They were interested in nothing else. And it was curious to see that though they had been without shame in approaching me, the only reason they wanted Barry's wife converted was because they would

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be ashamed, in front of their friends in Cape Town, of owning up to having a *shiksa* for a daughter-in-law. There was no other reason. They all but said so. This was the injury they had suffered. They spoke of the "embarrassment" they would feel; of the difficulty of her "fitting in" in Cape Town if Barry should change his plans and wish to return to South Africa; the man reminded me of what he had told me about his standing in the community.

But their problem touched me more intimately than they knew. This had irritated me almost beyond endurance with them; but it had also made me more hesitant in dealing with them than I might otherwise have been. I interrupted them and said, "*My* wife is not one of our people."

The man gave me the longest, grimmest, deathliest grin he had yet favored me with. And his wife stared at me with eyes that seemed even bigger than her spectacles. It was so grotesque a moment that I was almost sorry to have to qualify it in any way. But I added: "A couple of years after we were married she did go for instruction to a Liberal rabbi, and was admitted to the congregation. My father—not my mother, who didn't care—was very keen on her doing this, just as you're keen that your daughter-in-law should. So far as it's made him happier, I'm glad she did it. But it hasn't really affected the way we live, or how we think about things; it hasn't solved any problems for us. That's the one thing I want to tell you. The second is that I doubt if I'll ever meet your son. The third is, even if we should meet, I can't imagine that under any circumstances I'd ever feel it my place to tell him what to do in a matter like this. I don't know what should be done. Perhaps your son is right. Perhaps he's doing what I should have done. I really do not know."

But I was wasting my breath. They had recovered from the shock I had administered—more than recovered. What I had just said had proved that I was fully on their side, that I understood exactly what they wanted, that they had chosen better, far better, than they could ever have guessed. I had been through the same deep waters; now, safe and dry, I would rescue them. The man gave me advice on how to broach the subject with Barry, when I saw him ("Let it come up naturally, the whole subject, as if it's by accident"); he told me they would look forward to seeing me in Cape Town one day ("Then we'll have a chance to repay the hospitality you've been kind enough to give us"); he even suggested, delicately, that if I should succeed in persuading his son to have his wife converted, he would reward me suitably ("I'm sure it can't be easy to earn a living by writing, I appreciate that"). More than ever I doubted his sanity; more than ever it seemed insane to doubt it, when he was so polite, so genteel, so utterly and devotedly a slave to the conventions of his particular society.

And more than ever I wished they would get up to go. I looked at my watch: they had been there an hour already. The conventional gesture worked immediately. He rose to his feet, and his wife followed him. I saw them to the door, and shook hands with them. They said how pleased they were to have met me, and how they looked forward to hearing from their son about me. They went away comforted, so far as I could see. And they left me profoundly depressed.

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RICHARD SCHICKEL

P.S. 165

P.S. 165* is a New York City elementary school with classes ranging from kindergarten to the sixth grade. A five-story, gray stone building surmounted by a stubby Gothic tower in the late Victorian mode, it stands in the middle of the block between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenues on Manhattan's upper West Side. Short wings enclose and protect a small playground. Built in 1898, its exterior is grimly institutional—though no more so than the sterile facades of its more modern sisters. The building's first four floors were renovated in 1952 and shortly thereafter twelve additional classrooms were carved out of the fifth floor to accommodate P.S. 165's share of the population explosion.

The interior of the school is also uninspiring at first glance. The narrow corridors are dim and deeply scarred and exude the unmistakable odor of that disinfectant that seems to be used in American public schools and nowhere else. Nevertheless, the halls are clean and brightened at the major intersections by student bulletin boards which display drawings, accompanied by laboriously lettered captions of eminent figures—both contemporary (L. Gordon Cooper) and historical (Amelia Earhart). The classrooms to which these corridors lead are well-lighted and determinedly cheerful, despite the Board of Education's inordinate fondness for a particularly nasty shade of green paint. One gets the impression of an old building, but a building that is constantly being fussed over.

Besides being a "K-6" (Kindergarten to the sixth grade), P.S. 165 is also a "special service" school, which means that it is called upon to perform a whole range of functions over and above those assigned to public elementary schools in other neighborhoods. P.S. 165's district covers an area that runs north and south from 106th to 116th Street and east and west from the Hudson River to Central Park. Almost all of the white middle-class children who are to be found here are drawn from the district's outer boundaries—from the roomy old apartment buildings of Riverside Drive and Central Park West and from the Columbia University area to the north. These children account for somewhat less than a quarter of P.S. 165's population of 1600 to 1700; a similar percentage is Negro, and there are about one hundred Oriental children. One-half of the school population is Puerto Rican, inhabitants of that continuous slum that runs virtually the entire length of the upper West Side. It is mainly for these children that the "special services" of P.S. 165 were created.

Most of the services are related to the teaching of language. The bulk of the Puerto Rican children come from homes where no English is spoken and a sizable number have spent a considerable portion of their young lives shuttling back and forth between Puerto Rico and the mainland, picking up a smattering of both English and Spanish. To cope with this problem, the faculty of P.S. 165 includes a "corrective reading" teacher, a "reading improvement" teacher, a "co-ordinator of programs for non-English speaking children," and an auxiliary teacher "for social guidance" to Spanish-speaking children and their parents—all of whom try to carry out the basic policy of the school system, which is to integrate the Spanish-speaking pupils into the rest of the student body as quickly as possible. There is an orientation class lasting from one to ten weeks for new sudents who are transferred out as quickly as individual reading skill permits. Still another class is taught entirely in Spanish, for children who are poor readers of their native tongue,

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* This is its real name; all other names used here are real too.

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the theory being that reading deficiencies are usually psychological in origin, and that the children will therefore be better able to cope with English when they can read Spanish more easily. But most of the Puerto Rican "language learners" are scattered through the school's regular classes, where they receive individual help.

In addition to these services, P.S. 165 has specialized classes for other kinds of children. There are two classes for intellectually gifted students, two "health" classes for those with physical problems, and several "opportunity" classes for slow learners. The term "opportunity" is not altogether a euphemism, for the more relaxed and patient atmosphere of these classes does enable at least a small number of the children to develop sufficiently to return—after a semester or two—to regular classes. Finally, the school acquired last year its first full-time guidance counselor, who deals with all manner of emotional disturbances. While the counselor has still not fully appraised the situation, she believes—and most teachers at the school agree—that in recent years there has been a definite rise in the number of children with emotional problems. She also cites federal statistics indicating that one out of twelve children in the U.S. is measurably disturbed. Applied to P.S. 165, this percentage would mean that theoretically something like one-hundred-and-fifty children attending the school (and, almost inevitably, their parents) are in need of her help.

This list of "special services" does not convey the special spirit of P.S. 165, whose staff is forever called upon to deal with matters that no one ever wrote about in education textbooks. It is a common practice for individual teachers to dig into their own pockets to provide treats for the children. The guidance teacher collects outgrown clothing still in good condition and distributes it to kids who feel put down by their own shabby clothes. Last year a number of teachers, tracing a certain mid-morning restlessness among their pupils to the fact that they had had nothing to eat before coming to school, organized a daily "breakfast club." Another of the teachers, aware that fresh meat and vegetables are scarce, expensive, and low-grade in Puerto Rico and that this has encouraged a dependence on canned goods, has introduced a mid-afternoon snack of vegetables and fruit, word of which she hopes the children will carry home.

It is clear that P.S. 165's pragmatic approach to the special problems it faces, and its atmosphere of bustling concern for children as individuals, originate with its principal, Dr. Edward Gottlieb, a short, broad-faced man of undaunted energy and curiosity. Unlike the chill, orderly office that one associates with school principals, Gottlieb's is cluttered with books, pamphlets, reports, and the paper detritus of a creative man involved, whether he likes it or not, in a bureaucracy. During our interview I learned that along with running this large and complicated school, he was also taking a course in the new mathematics at Columbia, serving on a committee attempting to establish a Summerhill School in New York City, drafting reports for various educational study groups, and serving as unofficial adviser to a number of conscientious objectors. Last fall, his picture appeared in *Life*, manning a sound truck at a rally of the teachers' union, which at the time was contemplating a school strike.

Gottlieb has, to be sure, a tendency to discourse in a somewhat eccentric fashion on educational philosophy ("I think it was Shaw who said that schools and prisons were invented by society at the same time—they'll probably disappear at the same time, too," or, "Kids have a problem—they want to be nice and happy and we lock them up in a school all day"). But any doubts his theories might raise about Gottlieb's competence as an administrator of a real school with real problems are quickly dispelled when one accompanies him on his morning rounds. Stopping to chat with an assistant about teacher assignments for the next semester, he evidences a gift for quick, shrewd, humane judgments of the talents and weaknesses of his faculty. Encountering a second-grader who has been banished to the corridor for disciplinary action ("What happened to you?" "I laughed too funny"), Gottlieb suppresses a grin, hands out a quick man-to-man lecture devoid of the usual moral uplift, and moves along. Passing through the gym on the fifth floor, he pauses to chin himself a few times, much to the amusement of teachers and children alike.

The last stop is a large room equipped with a conference table, where Gottlieb joins an assistant principal and the guidance counselor to administer tests in reading ability to half a dozen sixth-graders who failed on a previous try. It is a crucial business, for placement of pupils in slow, average, or bright sections in

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the New York City schools—as in those of many other cities—is based almost exclusively on reading ability, and so too is promotion of sixth-graders to junior high. Having failed the first test the children are aware that this is their last chance. "You try to disguise how important this is," Gottlieb says, "but the kids can't help but know."

One by one they come up to the table, and are given a multiple-choice vocabulary test. Following that, Gottlieb distributes seventh-grade-level readers and asks each pupil to read a paragraph aloud. "You've got to be cool when you take the test," he advises Angel, a Puerto Rican boy who hadn't done well on the vocabulary test. To another, struggling through a description of a basketball game, he finally says: "Would you cheer if you saw that play?" "I don't know," the boy answers sadly. No one at the table betrays any emotion, but everyone present is obviously trying to will the kids to pass. A girl, reading a story about a cat, reads "pounce" as "bounce" and all the adults chime in with an explanation of the difference. "These kids nearly always score higher on general comprehension than vocabulary," Gottlieb explains after she has returned to her seat. "They've got nobody at home to ask what a word means." Reading problems frequently have nothing to do with I.Q. One boy, obviously overfed and overprotected, tells the teachers that he wants to be a doctor, but Gottlieb has no doubt that the ambition stems from his mother and that undue pressure at home is what causes the boy to do poorly in reading. Another boy rejects Gottlieb's suggestion that he take more books out of the library. "I have my own books at home," he lies proudly.

In the end, five of the six children are passed. As Gottlieb put it, "These kids are defeated too much of the time. Give one of them a defeat like not letting him go to junior high and you literally mar him for the rest of his life."

THE TWO GREAT themes in the very mixed world of P.S. 165 are brotherhood and community. They are punched home at every conceivable opportunity, and are staple features of Gottlieb's twice-a-week talk which is piped into every classroom over the P.A. system. One that I heard began with speculations on the reasons for the defeat of the teacher's team in a recent field-day tug-of-war against a team made up of sixth-graders ("Maybe we lost to the sixth-grade boys and girls because they were a team and worked together while the teachers each pulled separately"), and concluded, after some routine announcements, with an excerpt from that morning's *Herald Tribune*—a statement by Dean Rusk. Emphasizing that Rusk "has the third highest position in the United States and represents us in talks and dealings with other countries," Gottlieb informed his school that Rusk "solemnly warned congressional leaders that racial strife was gravely crippling the United States in its dealings with other countries. Our voice is crippled and we are running this race with one leg in a cast."

Following this talk, I attended a play put on by third-graders in the school auditorium. It was about a Princess "who has no feeling," and is spirited away by a group of elves to the kingdom of "Musicland," where she is sung back to health: "There's feelings, yes there's feelings in that land called Musicland . . . work together, for each other, onward we go." At the climax of the play, thanks to her exposure to Musicland's citizens and their indestructible good will, the Princess learns to have emotions. "Oh, I feel like shouting in my heart, I have so many feelings in my heart," she trills, while her elfin friends, in costumes made mostly out of old bedsheets, cavort around her.

The message of the play as well as all the other messages about brotherhood and teamwork which bombard the pupils of P.S. 165, are not so different from the rhetoric to which millions of other American kids are subjected daily. The difference is that interracial harmony is a live issue at P.S. 165. The teachers are not aimlessly reiterating our conventional social wisdom; there is an intensity in their voices and manners that stems from the reality of the immediate situation. And this is communicated to the kids.

The pedagogical emphasis at P.S. 165, as in most grade schools, is on reading and writing. In an interview with Mrs. Joan Abrams, assistant principal in charge of the reading curriculum, I learned that there is a wide range of teaching choices within the curriculum outlined by the Board of Education. At the present time, she says, the general trend in elementary school education seems to be away from strict reliance on the traditional "basal reader," and toward more individualized books, in the hope that this emphasis will lead to more reading outside the classroom. There is,

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however, a good deal of controversy on this matter in educational circles. Mrs. Abrams has come to believe that the slower students need the structure which the basal reader provides. On the other hand, she recognizes that the bright children and even a sizable percentage of the average students can hardly wait to pass on to more stimulating books, and she is currently experimenting with a program that takes the second-graders off the basal reader entirely.

All of which comes to seem typical of the pragmatic, flexible approach of P.S. 165 and of its grounding in the one educational tenet that Gottlieb repeatedly affirms — the importance, especially in a school of this kind, of enhancing the "self-image" of the child. Similarly, Mrs. Abrams has chosen to teach reading on an individualized basis and to be eclectic in her methods, believing as she does that reading is "the key to everything" and, further, that no one really knows exactly what will best awaken the desire and ability to read in a child. Thus, P.S. 165 does not take a dogmatic position on the current controversy between the "look-say" method of teaching reading and the phonetic or "sound-it-out" style which is advocated by the radical revisionists. Some children, she explains patiently, are more visual in the way they learn, while others tend to hear a word better than they see it, and in practice most teachers at the school usually combine the two methods.

Once in a classroom, however, these problems become concrete and one soon realizes that the flexible and individual orientation toward learning is nothing to take for granted in a public school. In a typical first-grade class, the kids were struggling through a basal reader recounting the adventures of Benjamin B., Mary, a baby named Susan Jane, and a kitten named Smarty Cat. No one called upon during this period was really a poor reader and many were quite proficient. The teacher was doing a perfectly sound job of relating the use of words in the story to the ways in which the children will use them in writing or talking; moreover, she was scrupulous in taking time out to discuss such pitifully few overtones of meaning as the story contained ("How old is the baby? What color is his hair? What's the baby doing to poor Smarty Cat?"). Yet the whole enterprise was, somehow, a disaster. The teacher's pleasant face was firmly set, as though she were determined not to let the kids have any unprogrammed fun or to allow them, even for a moment, to drag her in undignified fashion down to their level. The result was that rebellion seethed relentlessly in the class, and almost half her time was spent on the wrong side of the barricades: "I think we're just going to have to march table one right out of here." "Rodney, I hear you without even turning around." "Now everyone in group one is sitting up *verrry* tall." "Is your reader open, Willy? Your mouth *is* open." In short, the traditional dispiriting litany.

It would be impossible to determine to what degree the pain present in this room was caused by a querulous teacher, how much by the methods and materials she was using, and how much by the fact that the pupils were afflicted by the minute attention-spans of the very young. Still, that the absence of imaginative teaching did account for some of the problems in the first-grade room is suggested by the contrasting atmosphere in two of the "special" classes—"the opportunity class" for slow students, the IGC [Intellectually Gifted Children] class for bright ones. Both offer challenges (of vastly different kinds) to their teachers, and both seem to have attracted exceptionally competent teachers who work at the top of their bent.

The "op class" inhabits the most battered room in the school. Even the students' art work seems more somber in tone than that displayed in the other classrooms. And though the orderly rows of desks, standard in the classrooms of our childhood, have been abandoned throughout P.S. 165 in favor of furniture that can be easily rearranged, no classroom presents quite the shambles at the end of the day that is found in Room 503. As long as the rearrangement is not overly noisy, the teacher, Donald Jackson, will probably not say anything, not even when a student undertakes to drag a chair or desk to the opposite corner of the room in the middle of the lesson. A slender, quiet-spoken Negro who in his spare time has an interest in a Greenwich Village art gallery, Jackson presides over a class of about a dozen eleven-, twelve-, and thirteen-year-old children working at the fourth-grade level. Their manner ranges from the elaborately bored to the excruciatingly restless. They have all been over and over it, but they still have not learned to master the intricacies of subjects like long division.

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Throughout P.S. 165 a teacher who has asked a question can count on a number of eagerly waving hands, or on triumphant cries mixed with dubious, but at least interested, murmurs. Jackson, however, can't count on anything. His questions may elicit startling irrelevancies, sullen silences, elaborate hoaxes, or overt hostility. Yet Jackson altogether avoids the disciplinary approach of the first-grade classroom. He chooses to keep the noise down to a dull roar, and to single out each child in his turn for intensive work. If a few of the others, for want of something better to do, also attend, well and good; if not, their turn, as they well know, will come. Once it arrives, Jackson is implacable. He does not lose his temper, but he will not be distracted from his pursuit of the answer, and he seems never to give up. The only way off the hook is to think and think until you give the right answer.

A TYPICAL encounter during arithmetic period: Ruby, a large, dull-eyed Negro girl wearing an enormous bow in her hair, is called to the blackboard and faced with the problem of dividing 124 by 9. She stares lengthily at the offending digits. "What's the first step, Ruby?" Jackson asks. "Estimate?" she asks doubtfully. "Right. How many 9's do you think there are in 124?" A long silence ensues before she dubiously guesses: "Fifteen?"

"Try it," says Jackson. Another period of agony. It develops that Ruby has forgotten how to check her estimate. Jackson relents to the point of advising her to multiply.

"What's multiplying, Mr. Jackson?"

It is a concept to which she has undoubtedly been exposed for at least three years. She knows it if she knows anything, but Jackson's expression does not change. "What's two 4's?" he asks. "Eight," she replies with surprising quickness. "You just multiplied to get that answer," Jackson informs her. "That's adding," she shoots back, thinking she's topped him. "Multiplication is a form of adding," he replies calmly.

But, for the moment at least, Ruby is completely blocked on multiplication, and at last Jackson allows her to add. Very slowly she writes fifteen 9's on the blackboard and begins to add them up. Whatever interest her performance had for the audience is by this time dissipated. A boy gets up and turns the alarm clock on Jackson's desk around so that it faces him. There are at least thirty minutes of the school-day left, but he is prepared to watch each of them tick by. In the back of the room another boy flips a paper airplane uncertainly through the air. A bright-looking, freckle-faced kid, Hughie, who has been quietly reading a bubble-gum cartoon in the opposite corner, now rises and starts wandering aimlessly around the room. Finally he darts into the hall. Jackson lets him go.

Ruby has by now discovered that fifteen 9's add up to 135, and reports sadly: "It's too much. What do I do now?" "Try a smaller number," Jackson advises. Without much hesitation Ruby picks thirteen as the correct number of 9's in 124. Has she known all along? Has it all been just a way of holding Jackson's attention?

Suddenly the wandering boy returns to class, an event which Jackson ignores. It is too much for Hughie. "You want to hit me," he charges. Jackson quietly denies it. But the incident has obviously distracted him from Ruby who has, in the meantime, erased all fifteen of her previous 9's and carefully replaced them with thirteen new ones. She turns on Hughie and starts chasing him, whereupon Jackson must actively intervene. He seats Hughie firmly in a chair, and orders Ruby back to the blackboard, where she begins printing her name. Since she has forgotten the problem by this time, it is necessary to begin at the beginning. "What's the first step?" "Estimate," she replies, tacking on a diversionary request for the word's spelling. No one in the class responds to Jackson's bid for assistance, so he writes "yes" on the board, erases the *y*, and proceeds from there. Now the whole class helps him sound out the word and a full seven minutes are devoted to this cooperative spelling effort.

"Now," says Ruby as the word gradually appears in full on the blackboard, "I can tell my mother the teacher said to estimate." Jackson tells her to start adding up her column of 9's. She sets to work. But in the meantime Hughie is once more on the loose. Stopping long enough to pick up his jacket, he starts out of the room again. Jackson tells him to come back. Hughie hesitates, then disappears. Jackson shouts a warning which is met with silence. But in a minute or two Hughie is back, just as Ruby miraculously gets a total of 117 from her thirteen 9's, and perceives that it is easy coasting from there on in. In two or three more minutes Jackson has gotten the answer from her in proper form. She has been at the black-

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board for something like half-an-hour, but she has solved the problem.

Jackson retires, unruffled, to his desk. He can hardly praise Ruby's performance, but he doesn't condemn it either. He reads out a four-problem homework assignment in long division and allows the class the last fifteen minutes of the day to get a running start on it. Ruby spends the time singing tunelessly to herself. The rest of the class relieve their boredom by kicking, poking, and punching one another.

I cannot remember a more agonizing half-hour than this one with Ruby and Hughie and Mr. Donald Jackson. But I was also forcefully reminded of Gottlieb's words: "These kids are defeated too much of the time." The opportunity class houses the most defeated of the defeated, but I left it feeling I had witnessed a kind of victory. I do not wish to attach any illusions to it. Ruby's ordeal at the blackboard will not be the beginning of some magical transformation, and it is difficult to imagine that she will ever be anything but one of society's most luckless members. Yet her school has refused to be part of the general gang-up on her. True, she will never belong to that more fortunate one-quarter of his group that Jackson manages to return to the general school population each year, but it is conceivable that she is at least learning from him the value of endurance; perhaps in future she will not give up on a problem—or on life—quite so easily as she might have otherwise. Does this mean that her self-image is being "enhanced"? There is no way of knowing, of course, but one cannot escape the feeling that Donald Jackson daily adds a tiny measure to the possibility that it will happen. One hopes—and in the meantime so does Jackson, who refuses to deal in finalities. "Listen," he says, "you came at the end of the day when the kids are restless. You should have seen them this morning. They spent an hour concentrating on their reading – there wasn't a bit of fooling around. They can do it when they want to."

THE SECOND-GRADE class for gifted children offers, of course, the greatest possible contrast to the "Op class." But the more significant contrast is with the first-graders described earlier. The teacher is far less experienced than her first-grade colleague and still occasionally betrays awkwardness and insecurity. But what she lacks in technique is more than compensated for by her enthusiasm, by her willingness to try anything, and by the obvious pleasure she derives from her students which she in turn communicates back to them. Though many younger teachers are frightened at the thought of departing from the security of the curriculum outline, or of the basal reader, this girl seems genuinely exhilarated by the possibilities of freedom.

She is not a forceful disciplinarian and wields her authority as if she were amazed by it. Nevertheless, hers is the quietest room in P.S. 165. When I came in she was busy with some paper work at her desk, while the pupils were occupied with all sorts of projects of their own. Four girls were off in a corner planning a dramatic adaptation of a book they had read; three were busy looking up new words in the dictionary and copying down their meanings; still others were engaged in writing what I believe used to be called "compositions," while the remainder sat quietly reading books of their own choosing, ranging from fairy tales to a study of astronomy written at least at the sixth-grade level, which was being studied by a little Korean boy with the utmost concentration. Those whose projects required talking were murmuring together, those who were reading and writing wriggled not, neither did they squirm. I commented on this remarkable concentration. "I try to get the children to realize that they're not working for me, but for themselves," the teacher replied; "I tell them that their main job is to please themselves." It sounded like a fairly routine remark—except that I cannot recall anyone, at any point in an educational career spent entirely in public schools, ever saying it to me.

During the work period I was given a guided tour of the class bulletin board, sectioned-off to correspond to the children's diverse interests —science, art, and writing. Back at her desk the teacher showed me excerpts from some ten pages of a work in progress entitled *Summer in Alaska with John Bobby Reilly,* a complex narrative to which the following hasty plot summary can scarcely do justice. It begins with the hero's concoction of an explosive "out of dynamite, sulfuric acid, firecrackers, cherry bombs, two quarts of Ajax, some turpentine, and a dash of Ivory Snow." In storage the stuff unexpectedly begins to turn bad, becoming transformed in the process into a "hepto-poison." Whereupon the author deftly shifts the scene to the suite of rooms occupied by

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John Bobby Reilly's girlfriend, Alice, at the Pyjama Hotel. Alice telephones down to room service for some caviar, which is in due course followed by a mound of lemon sherbert "72 inches high." "She told the maid," writes the author, "that she was very happy with the service she was getting." But Alice pays her bill with counterfeit money and moreover gives the maid only a fifteen-cent tip. At this point the scene shifts back again to John Bobby Reilly in his laboratory.

The teacher's response to the story is model. Unlike a number of well-intentioned adults, she does not inform the author that his story is "unrealistic," nor does she take issue with his invention of words. Her obvious delight in the tale is unmanufactured and uncondescending, and her interest in how it is going to come out, the eagerness with which she presses the creations of her pupils on the observer, all bespeak a genuine enthusiasm, unspoiled by the usual gush about "creativity."

This same enthusiasm animates the discussion period, where each child contributes words he has recently acquired to a kind of community vocabulary fund: *cherub, fond, investigate, disposition, presentable* were the new words on the day of my visit, while *nebulae* and *algae* (contributed by the young Korean scientist) were postponed for consideration at some future time. The new words were then used in a sentence by various members of the class, defined, conjugated, grammatically identified. For this group, language and its usage has ceased to be a private agony; words are handled with easy familiarity. ("I'm *fond* of cake" draws a laugh during the session of practice usage; "I'm *fond* of school" elicits the expected groan.)

DOES THIS MEAN that only the exceptionally bright and the exceptionally slow students get the best teaching P.S. 165 has to offer? A visit to a "typical" sixth-grade class composed of what could be called average students, testified to the contrary. Led by a teacher whose manner was brisk but never forbidding, the class moved easily from subject to subject. Following a talk of a few minutes about art criticism—which she also used as an occasion for praising some abstract paintings the kids had done—the teacher, in an apparent *non sequitur,* asked the class to list for her those things which could be seen, heard, or felt in Central Park in the springtime, but could not be found there in winter. The column headed "See" on the blackboard was the fastest to be filled. In this column they noted flowers and grass, new leaves on the trees, and "animals coming out of their holes." "What kind of animals?" the teacher asked, and a girl named Carmel was the first to reply: "Foxes." The class laughed. The teacher did not. "Carmel comes from Haiti," she reminded the others, "they may have different names for animals there, they may even have different animals." After carefully questioning Carmel about the fox under discussion, then drawing a picture on the blackboard and comparing it with a similar likeness in a picturebook, it was established that what Carmel had seen in the park was a squirrel. The atmosphere was one of triumphant communication.

Since the "See" list was by then amply filled, the children were asked what they could expect either to feel or hear in the park. "Fresh air," "the sounds of birds," "the breeze and the bees," were some of the replies. This led naturally into a discussion of insect life and a dispute about the number of eyes insects have, adjudicated in the traditional manner: "When we're not sure of a fact, where do we look it up?" The most persistent questioner was dispatched to the bookshelf, and the teacher then asked how many of the children had encyclopedias at home and where they had got them.

"This man, he come to my house," one boy volunteers.

"This man *came* to my house," she corrects.

Another boy suddenly remarks: "My father wouldn't buy encyclopedias when the man came. He wasn't working." He pauses, embarrassed at the admission.

The teacher says quickly: "But your father is working now, isn't he?"

He is, the awkward moment is forgotten, some information on sight among the lower phila is imparted, and the teacher resumes the pursuit of items for the "Feel" column, but with a shift in emphasis. She now wants not a discussion of physical sensations, but of emotional ones. "How does going to the park make you feel different than if you were walking down Broadway?" she asks.

Garry says that when you go to the park you feel as if you want to do everything. Cynthia says it makes her feel bigger and that it also makes her "feel like thinking about the future." "It's peaceful," another girl adds, "because of the birds and the flowers bloom-

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ing." Carlos begins to free associate: "When you sit next to the ocean . . ." He gestures vaguely and is unable to finish. José says the park makes him feel free. Another child, a large, rather rawboned girl contributes a sober coda: "If you have a big decision to make it's easier to do it in the park—you don't have to stay in the house."

The teacher presses forward, and now it becomes clear why the discussion began with the pictures the children had drawn. She points out that there are pictures other than those you draw; there are also "word pictures." That, she informs them, is what they have just been drawing as they talked about the park.

"What makes *Charlotte's Web* such an interesting story?" she asks. "Because when you read it you feel like you're there," Garry volunteers.

"Yes. Now what did he write with?"

"A pencil," someone says. It is not a smart-alecky remark—but merely an example of the concreteness of a child's viewpoint. "But what did the pencil write?" the teacher persists. "Words," comes the chorus.

"Now, those are what we've been using to describe the park. We could write them down instead of just saying them, and then we might have a word picture"—the creation of which then comprises the homework assignment.

The intention behind the discussion is clear. In the course of it, the class has been gently encouraged to speculate upon all manner of things: life in a different culture, nature lore, the research process, the process of communication, and, most important, the immediate world in which they live and their experience of it. Not once have they betrayed the slightest boredom or restlessness. One senses that, for the majority, the performing of that night's homework assignment will be more than an irrelevant chore. If so, the teacher will have accomplished something quite rare in our society: the realization by her students that writing is not some exotic or tedious undertaking, but rather another form of an activity in which they are constantly engaged—the definition of the world around them.

Later, I remarked to Gottlieb about the skill of this teacher. "She's always telling me that teaching is just a temporary job," he replied. "I don't worry. She's one of those people who will never find anything more rewarding. Once you're good, there's no job that's better." Ironically enough, the skill and spirit of such teachers point up how much more P.S. 165 could do, given really good conditions instead of merely passable ones. Gottlieb, with his almost obsessive emphasis upon "raising the aspirations" of the children in his charge, cannot put enough stress on the magnitude of what is yet to be done in broadening the educational experiences of these kids—and, more specifically, in enriching the school curriculum. "We need more science," he says, "more physical education, more art—we don't have a trained, full-time art instructor in the school. We don't have enough good literature for the children to read. We don't even have readers that show Negro and white kids living together in the world."

Enrichment is the key problem not only in a school like P.S. 165 but also throughout the public school system. Gottlieb and a large number of his teachers, perhaps a majority of them, are keenly aware of it, and one cannot fault their efforts—they are, after all, far above and beyond the call of duty. The pupil at P.S. 165, if he is handicapped or if he is especially bright, will receive special aid as good as he can obtain anywhere. If he is an average student, his chance of encountering a brilliant, mind-quickening teacher is also as good as it is anywhere. And if, through the luck of the draw, he misses all of them, he will at least be taught by reasonably competent teachers using pedagogical techniques that meet generally accepted standards.

Given the patent inadequacies of our society's attitudes toward education, this seems to me the best that one can realistically hope for from a school, be it public or private. And I have no doubt that P.S. 165 provides at least as good an education as I received in a suburban system on which a great deal of money, concern, and pride were lavished.

WHY IS IT, then, that white middle-class parents are withdrawing their children from the public schools in such numbers that, in New York City at least, thoughtful educators believe that the whole concept of free, universal education may be threatened? The excuse for these removals is generally that parents are seeking a better education for their children, and indeed, it is entirely possible that there are poor elementary schools on the West Side of New York, and more than possible that there are some highly undesirable junior and senior high schools. But the business of an elementary school is, after all, elementary. The teaching of

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reading, writing, and arithmetic to small children is not a task requiring rare genius. Instead, it calls for patience, perseverence, practicality, and, most of all, an open mind. These qualities abound at P.S. 165 and, by the admittedly fuzzy standards a layman applies to elementary pedagogy, it is hard to imagine that the best private school or the most favored public school would have a higher level of competence or a lower level of incompetence on its faculty. Given the quirky, chancy ways in which parents, when they have the opportunity, go about selecting a school for their children, it is hard to see how they could come up with a place markedly superior to P.S. 165. Yet in spite of this clearly observable reality, a fiercely biased set of attitudes toward Manhattan's public schools has reached such a generality of acceptance that in recent years we have begun to witness a natural reaction on the part of Negro organizations, who suggest that racial imbalance in schools like P.S. 165 be corrected either by the enforced transfer of more white students from other districts, or by the transfer of Negro and Puerto Rican students to predominantly white districts. The reason for this campaign is clear enough: spokesmen for the Negro community have become convinced that schools with predominantly white populations offer a better level of education and service than do those with predominantly Negro or Puerto Rican populations. Considering the way the middle-class whites have been carrying on, their assumption is understandable.

But both the Negroes and the white middle class might well heed the finding of Joseph P. Lyford of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, who has made an exhaustive study of schools on Manhattan's West Side. Lyford points out that the "totally exclusive preoccupation of some civil rights groups with the question of racial percentages . . . is going to have damaging effects on some of the good schools." Reshuffling, he points out, is likely to damage the morale of everyone, from the principals to the students, and make it difficult to justify those special services which, as we have seen, are the chief glory and inspiration of these schools.

The answer, both to the complaints of the Negro leaders and to the white middle-class parents who are withdrawing their children in increasing numbers from the public schools, might be precisely the cultural enrichment for which Dr. Gottlieb pleads. In general, the kids who least need such enrichment at P.S. 165 are from the white middle-class homes. Yet it is their parents who are most conscious of the school's cultural failures and most likely to withdraw them when they find that cultural enrichment is not one of the special services offered by a special-service school. The draining away of the white middle classes from the public schools could probably be slowed down by the addition of more cultural opportunities to the curriculum. This, in turn, would still the fears of Negro leaders about racial imbalance. Indeed, it may well be that, in order to preserve their role of educating children for a pluralist society, the overburdened public schools of New York City will at last have to add the art and music teachers, the expanded libraries, and the foreign-language programs that advanced educators like Gottlieb would like. In the meantime schools like P.S. 165 require the faith of the educated white middle class if they are to continue to provide the excellent basic education that I witnessed there.

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GEORGE LICHTHEIM

REFLECTIONS ON TROTSKY

REVOLUTIONS give rise to myths, and these myths then help to shape the course of later revolutions. In the 19th century, revolutionaries everywhere saw analogies to what had been happening in France between 1789 and 1799 (or, if they were Bonapartists, between 1789 and 1814). Every upheaval, however insignificant, was interpreted in terms of recent French history, usually misunderstood. Historians set the tone, and journalists caught the infection from them. When a rising took place, people referred knowingly to tumbrils and barricades. (Actually there had been no barricades in the revolutionary Paris of 1789-99, but it was assumed that there must have been because barricades figured in the insurrections of 1830 and 1848). Radicals came to be known as Jacobins, or if they were somewhat less radical, as Girondins. The nature of the real dispute between these factions was ignored. Robespierre, according to taste, was a bloodthirsty despot, an incorruptible republican, or the leader of the middle class, intent on keeping the proletariat in its place. The fact that there was no proletariat, merely a mob of unemployed and casual laborers of the sort that Marxists later came to call *lumpenproletarians,* was conveniently overlooked.

Above all, there was Thermidor. On the 27th of July 1794—the 9th of Thermidor, according to the short-lived republican calendar—Robespierre was overthrown by a hostile majority in the Convention, and the reign of terror came to an end. Thermidor pleased the liberals, but it distressed the more radical democrats, because the Thermidorians did away with Equality and instead put Liberty first. Liberty of course was bourgeois liberty—freedom to buy and sell. Thermidor was the triumph of the bourgeoisie, which on that day won control of the Revolution and held power for five years, until Bonaparte chased the lawyers out and established his personal dictatorship. But France remained bourgeois, and in 1830 the heirs of the Thermidorians once more returned to power, led by Louis Philippe and Guizot; only now they were called Liberals and wore sober frock-coats instead of fanciful neoclassical dress. By 1840, the Socialists had begun to see through all this, and eventually Marx came along and explained that the French Revolution had really been a bourgeois revolution, though draped in Roman costume, and that the "heroic illusions" of its chief actors were an unconscious means of promoting the drab reality of modern industrial-capitalist civilization.

This interpretation—which was in tune with Hegel's sardonic view of world history as a procession of stages whose meaning is concealed from the participants (though plain to the philosopher)—had a sobering effect upon those who understood it. On others it acted as a tonic: if the secret of the bourgeois revolution had at last been pierced, it should now be possible to make a proletarian revolution, which would pass beyond the bourgeois stage and found Equality on the rule of the toilers. Hints that the toilers might be incapable of ruling, and that the proletarian revolution might turn out to be just another historical masquerade leading to a new form of inequality, were dismissed as unworthy skepticism. There were some warning voices, but in general the Russian revolutionary intellectuals, who from about 1840 onward began to ponder these matters, refused to be deterred. Their business, as they saw it, was to make sure that next time there was no Thermidor, and that the Revolution went on *in permanence.*

The relevance of this theme to the life and work of the man who, more than any other, made of the Permanent Revolution a working concept and a political model, requires no emphasis in these days, when Communists the world over debate among themselves what went wrong in the Soviet Union after 1917 (or, once more according to taste, after 1921, when Lenin and Trotsky suppressed the Kronstadt rising and banned all factions within the ruling party). Any lingering doubts as to the central importance of

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the French example for the Bolsheviks—all of them, including Stalin—are stilled by the perusal of Mr. Isaac Deutscher's massive three-part biography of Trotsky, the third and concluding volume of which has now appeared.* The literary merits of this work are considerable, but they alone do not account for the fascination of Mr. Deutscher's theme. Nor does the stature of his protagonist, though this final volume, which records Trotsky's eleven years in exile until his death in 1940, derives a tragic quality from the personality of the chief character. Prometheus on his rock, Lear wandering about his blasted heath —these comparisons spring readily to a mind nurtured on literature, and Mr. Deutscher misses few opportunities to ram the point home. He is entitled to his hero-worship, as others are entitled to their feeling that Trotsky—like other characters of tragedy ancient and modern—was largely instrumental in causing disasters to accumulate wherever he went: down to the personal tragedies which in his closing years struck within the inmost family circle. (His eldest son died mysteriously in Paris at the height of the Great Purge, a daughter from an earlier marriage committed suicide.) The harrowing tale unfolds to the last unbearable chapter in Mexico, where the assassin struck down an ailing, lonely, embittered man, whose creation lay in ruins, and who at the close of his life had begun to doubt his own inmost certainties. It is a story often told and destined one day to find its Buechner or its Brecht, for nothing is more inherently dramatic than this terrible finale to a life so crammed with triumphs and disasters; so paradigmatic too—as in a different key was Marx's stoical fortitude amid the grinding pressures of the Victorian era —of our turbulent and blood-stained epoch. Here one merely records that Trotsky has been fortunate in his biographer, for it would have been easy to sensationalize the subject, or to drown it in learned scholasticism. Mr. Deutscher has avoided these pitfalls, and his readers have cause to be grateful.

THEY WILL BE WISE, however, not to regard this impassioned account of Trotsky's last years as a key to the historical lock which Trotsky himself failed to turn. Mr. Deutscher shares most of the illusions of his hero, and where he has discarded them, he substitutes others. Thus he has at last worked himself free from the doctrinaire strait jacket imposed upon other writers by Trotsky's own interpretation of the "Soviet Thermidor" (in the first two volumes of the trilogy this emancipation was only half-complete). But while he now recognizes that most of these analogies were based on a misunderstanding, he himself goes on to promote new confusions. If Stalin is no longer the "grave-digger of the revolution," then he must be a combination of Robespierre and Napoleon incarnate, and his quasi-Bonapartist use of the Red Army to "export the revolution" from 1939 onward is obliquely defended by Mr. Deutscher as the only way out, and, all things considered, a "progressive" phenomenon. If Trotsky was wrong about the Soviet Union being on the road to a bourgeois restoration, and if his former adherents were also mistaken in calling its system "state capitalism," then it seems to follow for Mr. Deutscher that perhaps it is socialism after all, though to be sure the full socialist content still has to burst through the bureaucratic integument. These apologetics—an aspect of Mr. Deutscher's unwavering fidelity to Lenin and Leninism—occupy a not inconsiderable part of his third volume. He is generally fair-minded even in dealing with the *"literary Trotskisants"*—a number of names familiar to Americans are mentioned—who after 1940 broke away from Communism altogether; but his own essential orthodoxy is never left in doubt. Whatever the "literary intellectuals"—he is too polite to call them drawing-room Bolsheviks—may think about the matter, Mr. Deutscher's faith in the inherently progressive role of the USSR has not been shaken even by the Stalinist experience. That chapter anyhow is closed; and does not history consist of a long list of just such episodes, which for all their incidental horrors have brought mankind a step nearer to the promised land?

Not that he is inclined to overlook the cost. There is in this third volume a blood-freezing account of the 1929-30 "liquidation of the kulaks" which conveys some sense of the havoc wreaked upon the countryside by Stalin's war against the peasantry. And there are some grim pages on the slaughter of the Old Guard in 1936-8, though otherwise the great purge—the *Yezhovchina*—which swept away so many countless people, appears only as the backdrop to what really interests him: the duel between his protagonist and the dictator in the Kremlin. Was it for this that so many thousands died and so many millions were packed off to Siberia? From Mr. Deutscher's account, one might almost suppose that Stalin staged the great massacre merely in order to affirm his personal hold over his own deeply riven faction. No doubt the purge had a logic of its own: once set in motion, the avalanche swept on, until millions of people not remotely connected with the power struggle found themselves in the camps. But surely at some stage a decision must have been taken to let the NKVD loose upon the whole terrorized country, until every vestige of opposition had been rooted out and every last individual in the whole of Russia battered into

* *The Prophet Outcast: Trotsky 1929-1940* by Isaac Deutscher, Oxford, 543 pp., $9.50.

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unthinking obedience. Mr. Deutscher half recognizes the probability of some such purpose. He points out that the purge prevented the bureaucracy—only the bureaucracy?—from settling down and developing a dangerous *esprit de corps*. But he is reluctant to investigate the full logic of totalitarianism, and thus tends to remain within the confines of Trotsky's own vocabulary: the purge was the major instrument of Stalinism, and Stalinism was the way in which backward Russia revenged itself upon the Revolution. Further than that he is not prepared to go.

This approach has its difficulties. Their nature is revealed in the densely packed chapter of Mr. Deutscher's third volume in which he comes to grips with Trotsky's own interpretation of Stalinism, as set out notably in one of his last writings, *The Revolution Betrayed* (1937). This, as Mr. Deutscher points out, contains Trotsky's "classical indictment of bureaucracy." It also embodies Trotsky's tentative revision of his own earlier (and quite misleading) discussion of what he had called the "Soviet Thermidor." Here it is necessary to bear in mind that this particular metaphor had already been employed in the savage factional in-fighting of the late 20's. In the second volume of his study (published in 1959) Mr. Deutscher gave some examples of how in 1926-7 Trotsky and Zinoviev fell back on this time-honored slogan when they had run out of other arguments. Talk of "Thermidor" was enough to make the strongest men blanch. In July 1927, five months before his expulsion from the party, Trotsky temporarily unnerved the Old Bolsheviks on the Central Control Commission with a speech on the fall of Robespierre and the destruction of the Jacobin regime. Earlier, Bukharin—the intellectual leader of the right wing—reacted with hysterical fury when charged with encouraging "Thermidorian" tendencies. All the factions were in the grip of genuine fear lest they unwittingly enact a repetition of that historic disaster. But it was a two-edged weapon: by 1929, when Stalin turned against Bukharin and began his war upon the peasantry, the exiled Trotskyists —then still living under a relatively liberal regime, and even allowed to circulate their manifestoes—began to wonder whether after all Stalin might not be in the "historic" succession to Robespierre, in which case *they* were the Thermidorians! The thought alarmed them to such a degree that by 1932 most of them had made their peace with Stalin (not that it saved them in the end). Unluckily for him, these were just the years when Trotsky, from his exile in Turkey, was least able to influence events. Left to brood in isolation, he readily convinced himself that his supporters had sold the pass, and that he alone saw matters in their true light. Stalin *could not* carry the Five Year Plan through! Or if he did, it was not the plan that Trotsky would have carried through: not a socialist plan, but a bureaucratic one! By 1937 this had become the new line imposed upon the Trotskyist movement: the Soviet bureaucracy had "confiscated" the Revolution for its own benefit, though it was still the ruling caste of a "workers' state." It was, to be sure, a tyrannical and parasitic caste, which must be swept away to make "Soviet democracy" possible; yet it was also the guardian of public property. As long as it defended the new "production relations" against the world bourgeoisie, and against bourgeois tendencies at home, its historic role was "progressive," and Trotsky would go on defending it, even though its leader slaughtered all the Trotskyists in the internment camps (Mr. Deutscher suggests that Trotsky was unaware of this) and in general did his best to imitate Ivan the Terrible. Caught in these insoluble contradictions, the Trotskyist movement—never more than a loose assemblage of small groups and individuals—destroyed itself in furious arguments, which in the end left Trotsky almost totally bereft of organized support.

In fact, the whole debate was unreal. A "workers' state" is no more conceivable than a "peasants' state," and the notion that the USSR was at any time after 1917 close to becoming the "Soviet democracy" of Lenin's or Trotsky's imagination, belongs to the category of what Marx called "heroic illusions," along with the Rousseauist dreams of Robespierre. Trotsky could have solved his problem by conceding frankly that "proletarian dictatorship" was an impossibility, and the proletariat not fit to rule. In the closing months of his life he actually came near to confronting this truth, at any rate to the extent of suggesting that, if the European working class did not seize power in the wake of the Second World War, the whole Marxist perspective might have to be written off. What really needed to be written off was not Marxism, but the myth of the October Revolution; but then Trotsky never drew any distinction between the two. In his eyes, the revolutionary message of Marxism had been validated by what Lenin had done in 1917. If in 1937 it looked as though the Revolution had been aborted, the disaster must be a temporary setback. Otherwise what would be left of the original message?

To these important problems Mr. Deutscher is not an altogether safe guide, since his own preconceptions incline him to believe that Trotsky's analysis "still offers the best clue to the subsequent social evolution": that is, to Khrushchev's eclectic aim of eliminating the worst features of Stalinism, while preserving the new class relationships. He argues that even in 1937 Trotsky did not really envisage anything so utopian as the total elimination of the bureaucracy, merely a

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drastic curtailment of its privileges; and he suggests that this is currently being undertaken. On which the only possible comment is that in this case the Soviet "toilers" will have to go on being content with very little. It is all very well for Mr. Deutscher to write: "The problem of a bureaucracy in a workers' state is indeed so new and complex that it allows little or no certitude." However uncertain other things may be, it is undeniable that in what he is pleased to call a "workers' state," the workers are not the rulers but the ruled. This doubtless is inevitable; and moreover, it is perfectly compatible with the usual definition of socialism (public ownership), though not with Communism (common ownership). But it is not what the Bolsheviks set out to accomplish in 1917, and what Communists the world over are today still being promised, and promising others. Mr. Deutscher, a disillusioned ex-Trotskyist himself, is at pains to correct the misconceptions of his protagonist, but only in the interest of assuring the reader that the imperfect realization of the original purpose, in the present-day USSR and the other Soviet bloc regimes, is about all that can be expected in this world. He is clearly right; what may strike his readers as odd is his evident conviction that the original plan is still worth pursuing.

II

THE REVOLUTIONARY in politics: this is not in actual fact the central theme of Mr. Deutscher's now completed biography, but he might easily have organized his three volumes around it, and it would have been difficult to blame him. Trotsky is the classic case of the revolutionary leader who is also an intellectual in the fullest sense of that much abused term: not one who makes use of other people's ideas, but one who *lives* his own thoughts, and whose commitment to an idea overrides all other loyalties. It is only when someone of Trotsky's stature appears that the full meaning of the phenomenon becomes evident. Here is the "union of theory and practice" incarnate in an orator who is also a statesman, a theorist who can move crowds, organize government departments, set armies on the march; a "professional revolutionary" with a matchless style and an educated taste for literature. No wonder he fascinated the youth of three continents. Is it possible, at our present distance from the scene, to find a niche for him, to bracket him with other major figures of recent history?

Not with Marx. Superficial resemblances to the contrary notwithstanding, the two men do not really inhabit the same universe—a circumstance Trotsky, not otherwise given to modesty, was always ready to acknowledge. The difference does not lie merely in their respective intellectual endowments, though Trotsky was aware that abstract theorizing of the kind that was child's play to Marx, was beyond his own capacity. There is also the difference in social circumstances and historical background. For all his radicalism and the revolutionary fling he enjoyed in his youth, Marx was profoundly integrated within the German and European culture of his age. At the deepest level, he was at one with the social order whose doom he prophesied. There is something very revealing in his public status as a famous, learned, and somewhat irascible scholar of the late 19th century: a true Great Victorian, the contemporary (and admirer) of Darwin. One need only read his correspondence with Engels to see how profoundly both men were rooted in the conditions of their time and how much, for all their contemptuous indifference to the creeds upheld by majority opinion, they enjoyed being alive at that particular moment. No, Trotsky does not—except for certain inherited sensibilities of temper—relate back to Marx. Curiously enough, he has more in common with Marx's arch-enemy, Michael Bakunin, and not only because Bakunin was a perpetual rebel who died in exile. He shares with the founder of Russian Anarchism a certain romantic conception of "the revolution" as a vast popular uprising against authority—*all* authority—which Marx (not to mention Engels) would have reproved. If the surviving Trotskyist sects in Europe, Asia, and Latin America have over the years become the successors of the vanished Anarchist and Anarcho-Syndicalist movements—one need only read their pamphlet literature to catch the essential similarity—they can find retrospective warrant for this curious "deviation" in Trotsky's personality and writings. With a vastly better intellectual equipment and far greater literary talent than Bakunin, Trotsky nonetheless had something of his romantic utopianism, his faith in "the people," his individualism, even his vanity: traits which Lenin sternly repressed in himself. Not surprisingly, a good many people found Trotsky intolerable.

This is an aspect of his hero's personality that troubles his biographer. Not that Mr. Deutscher is inclined to minimize Trotsky's literary and intellectual gifts: if anything he makes too much of them, notably in the first of his three volumes, where even Trotsky's pre-revolutionary journalism is extolled in somewhat excessive terms. The awkward fact is that it is not easy to be both a profound thinker and an effective pamphleteer. Marx managed it, but then he was unique. In Trotsky's case, it is possible to feel that the style of his pamphleteering was frequently superior to the thought-content that went into it. At times—e.g. in *The Revolution Betrayed*—form and content came together to make a real unity. More often the rhetorician took over from the theorist,

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and produced brilliant writing when what was required was hard thinking about unpalatable circumstances.

Mr. Deutscher, in his concluding volume, praises Trotsky's pamphlets on the German situation in the early 30's, just before Hitler's rise to power. Having been among those who were privileged to read them as they came off the press, I am in a position to assure the student of Mr. Deutscher's volume that he is quite wrong about their influence, which was close to nil, and about their grasp of the German situation, which was vague in the extreme. They were indeed very brilliant, and of course vastly superior to the lunatic Comintern literature, which treated Hitler as a minor nuisance compared to the real enemy, the Social-Democrats; but that is not saying a great deal. By any reasonable standard of political analysis, Marxist or otherwise, Trotsky's writings of the period must be judged a brilliant failure (though curiously he showed some grasp of the economic logic of fascism in an article he published in, of all places, the quarterly *Foreign Affairs* in April 1934: a year *after* Hitler had come to power). It is not enough to say that in his pamphlets of 1931-2 he made mincemeat of the Comintern line; of course he did. Anyone outside that madhouse in Moscow could see that Germany was heading straight for catastrophe. What he failed to do was to indicate an alternative to the official Communist line, which really amounted to letting Hitler seize power, in the expectation that he would shortly be overthrown by "the workers." Trotsky was almost as romantic about the capacity of "the workers" to resist a totalitarian dictatorship as were the German Communists, and as innocent as they were of any understanding of the real nature of "capitalist crisis," to employ the term then much in vogue. Moreover, he had not the faintest notion of what German National Socialism was really about, what were the emotional springs that fed it, and how far it could be expected to go. After the lapse of a generation one still recalls the amazement with which his own supporters greeted his confident announcement that the Storm Troopers—being of course "petty bourgeois"—were "human dust" which would evaporate at the first sight of a united working class. This was sad nonsense, though Mr. Deutscher treats it with dead seriousness, thereby giving at least one of his readers the impression that he has not learned much from the experience of the great catastrophe.

IN REALITY the German debacle, and the simultaneous emergence of Stalinism in Russia as, so to speak, a going concern and a system of government, put the quietus upon the sort of revolutionary socialism that Trotsky believed in. His biographer has failed to grasp the connection between the Russian and the German catastrophes, because his gaze is too exclusively fixed on the bizarre dialectic of the Stalin-Trotsky duel for control of a totally disoriented world Communist movement. Moreover, his "realism" does not quite extend to a realization that Hitler, no less than Stalin, had something to teach the Communists. What he taught them (and what they subsequently applied in practice when their turn came in 1945) was the technique of the quasi-legal *coup d'état* and the subsequent reign of terror. The real answer to Hitler's seizure of power in Berlin in 1933 was the Communist seizure of power in Prague fifteen years later: using very similar methods, with the ailing Benes substituted for Hindenburg. Since then there has scarcely been a Communist party in the world that has not tried its hand at the game. In 1933 all this still lay in the future, and Trotsky was the last to perceive the lesson of events, which was that the age of *genuine,* spontaneous, popular revolutions was over except in backward countries, from Cuba to Algeria. Even the October coup of 1917 had not been quite genuine, but it was still backed by a spontaneous mass movement. Since then all successful seizures of power in industrial countries have had to be elaborately organized, with the masses no less than their "leading cadres" drilled beforehand. Backward countries, of course, are another matter, which may account for the fact that Trotskyist groups have had some successes in Bolivia, Ceylon, and even Algeria, but cannot boast any conquests, however minor, in the industrial centers of the world.

It would not be quite true to say that in the 1930's no one had grasped this. Toward the end of the decade some people had, but they did not include Trotsky and his orthodox disciples. The point is connected with the wider subject of the intellectual's role in politics, which is why it is proper to note that Trotsky did not see what was obvious to some people who lacked both his mental powers and his background as leader of a victorious revolution. The explanation clearly is that he had been disoriented precisely by his and Lenin's triumph in 1917. Indeed he spent the remainder of his life in the blinding glare of this cataclysmic event. Whether Lenin—had he lived—would have done better, is questionable, though he had a marked streak of pragmatic adaptability lacking in both Trotsky and Stalin: "the two ablest men in the Central Committee," as he remarked on a famous occasion. Mr. Deutscher, who in general tends to see Stalin as the (frequently unconscious) executant of Trotsky's ideas, is silent on this particular point, though articulate enough on many others. He does have something to say, however, about a controversy which caused bitter dissension in Trotsky's entourage during his last years: the debate over

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what came to be known as the "managerial revolution," that is, the rise of a new ruling stratum. At the risk of boring some readers, this topic must be briefly considered.

It all began—as the reader of Mr. Deutscher's third volume can discover for himself in detail—with the Italian ex-Trotskyist Bruno Rizzi and his book, *La bureaucratisation du monde*, published in Paris not long after Trotsky had in 1937 given his own assessment of the "new class." Today, with the wisdom of hindsight and the accumulated experience of another quarter century, we are inured to the notion of "bureaucratic collectivism" as a new form of class rule; but in 1938-40 Rizzi—and James Burnham, who largely based himself on Rizzi—sounded very shocking. What they proposed was of course unacceptable to Trotsky, for it amounted to saying that the Russian Revolution (like the French before it) had merely replaced one form of exploitation by another. If they were right, the Soviet bureaucracy, which Trotsky saw as a pernicious growth to be removed or at least cut down to size at the first opportunity, was really the essence of the whole matter. "Bureaucratic collectivism" had come to stay. The Bolsheviks had been utopians, just like the Jacobins before them (save for those like Stalin who had adapted themselves to the new trend). The classless society was an illusion, and the working class, so far from being the harbinger of a new order, was condemned to remain the "mass basis" of a system of inequality.

It is a tribute to Trotsky's intellectual integrity that, while rejecting this thesis as unproved and improbable, he did not entirely exclude the likelihood that things might indeed go wrong. Writing in September 1939, shortly after the Second World War had broken out, he still maintained that the revolutionary potential of Europe was not exhausted; but for the first time he also envisaged the possibility that the working class might prove unable to throw up an adequate leadership and gain power for itself. In a pronouncement (already referred to above) that startled his supporters, he declared that if at the close of the Second World War there was still no socialist revolution in the West, the Marxist-Leninist perspective would have to be written off: "We would be compelled to acknowledge that . . . [Stalinism] was rooted not in the backwardness of the country and not in the imperialist environment, but in the congenital incapacity of the proletariat to become a ruling class. Then it would be necessary to establish in retrospect that . . . the present USSR was the precursor of a new and universal system of exploitation. . . . However onerous this . . . perspective may be, if the world proletariat should actually prove incapable of accomplishing its mission . . . nothing else would remain but to recognize that the socialist program . . . had petered out as a Utopia."

Thus at the close of his own life Trotsky stood on the threshold of a new epoch, and what he glimpsed was not the promised land, but an Egypt of perpetual bondage. With a stoicism that still evokes admiration he proceeded to outline the practical consequences to be drawn by those who, like himself, were determined to remain faithful to the cause—albeit hopeless—of the oppressed and the exploited: if Communism was an illusion "it is self-evident that . . . a new minimum program would be required—to defend the interests of the slaves of the totalitarian bureaucratic system." Coming from Trotsky, these are poignant words—among the most poignant ever uttered by a political leader in exile. They testify both to his intellectual candor and to his moral stature. Yet they also represent a devastating judgment upon his (and Lenin's) earlier certainties. If revolution and counter-revolution alike were about to issue in totalitarianism, the entire edifice of belief built upon the October Revolution lay in ruins.

That the dismantling of Utopia is by now in fact complete, would be the judgment of most present-day Marxian socialists, though not of Mr. Deutscher, who on this subject exudes a confident optimism of almost Khrushchevian proportions. The point would scarcely be worth pursuing further were it not that it is frequently confused with a quite extraneous topic, namely the role of the revolutionary intellectual in the labor movement. It would seem that the confusion is at least in part semantic and has to do with the different uses to which the term "intellectual" can be put. Because Marx, Engels, Luxemburg, Lenin, Trotsky, Gramsci, Kautsky, the Webbs, Bernard Shaw, Léon Blum, and other notable figures in the history of socialism, were all intellectuals (what else should they have been?); and because in our own age the so-called "technical intelligentsia" is indisputably at the core of the various bureaucratic-collectivist regimes which currently occupy so large a part in everyone's thinking—it has become fashionable to argue from the first circumstance to the second, as though every 19th-century theorist at his desk had been a precursor of present-day industrial society. Because socialism stands for planning, and because planners have to work with scientists and technologists, the conclusion is drawn that the intelligentsia as such is responsible for totalitarianism! Even the most democratic and libertarian writers are saddled—a century or more after their passing—with responsibility for regimes which do their best to make the work of the critical intellect impossible!

In reality the equation "intellectuals=authoritarianism" won't hold up, if only because intellectuals are plainly at the core of all the liberaliz-

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ing and "revisionist" tendencies in the Soviet orbit and elsewhere. It is true to say, however, that the relationship of the intelligentsia to the labor movement was not clearly worked out by the Marxists, while other socialist schools (with the partial exception of the Fabians) never bothered their heads about it. What Lenin had to say was two-edged, and lent itself as easily to gross flattery of the supposedly faultless working class as to authoritarian whip-cracking over its head. Stalinism even managed to combine both features in a single system: the "toiler" was solemnly upheld as a model, while in everyday matters his basic rights (such as the right to strike) were filched away. Trotsky for his part never wearied of belaboring his own supporters for being too remote from the masses: quite oblivious to the fact that the masses preferred Stalin (even in countries like France), and that practically all his own adherents were intellectuals. This situation has persisted: the half-dozen Trotskyist sects which in recent years have somehow managed to acquire a following were all started by intellectuals and largely staffed by them, while the workers showed little interest. A sociology of the Trotskyist movement, if it is ever undertaken, will doubtless disclose that the few working-class adherents it has had were displaced Syndicalists who could find no other sect to attach themselves to. As an organization of the "revolutionary proletariat," Trotskyism has been as complete a failure as was Anarchism, and largely for the same reason: the industrial working class in advanced countries is not "revolutionary"—at any rate not in the sense that Trotsky (unconsciously following Bakunin rather than Marx in this matter) associated with the term. The final judgment on Trotsky as founder, leader, and almost sole existing theorist of the "Fourth International" must be that he launched it at the very moment when all the certainties it embodied had gone into the melting-pot.

III

IT HAS been necessary to dwell at some length on Trotsky's role in Communist history, and on Trotskyism as a political phenomenon. But after all one is talking about the biography of a Russian revolutionary in the tradition of Herzen, Bakunin, and all those other "romantic exiles" to whom Mr. E. H. Carr years ago devoted an enthralling study (a lot more fascinating than some of his subsequent volumes). The essential "Russianness" of Trotsky and his circle is well conveyed by Mr. Deutscher; it introduces an element of human warmth, and even lends a note of charm to what is on the whole a very somber story. Trotsky possessed all the Russian gift for self-expression combined with a very Jewish talent for constant intellectual ratiocination; and though it is tiresome to go on laboring the obvious, it must be evident that as a person he could have walked out of the pages of any of the great Russian novels. Mr. Deutscher is aware of the advantage this gives a biographer, and he rarely falters in his endeavor to bring the flavor of Trotsky's personality home to the reader. Sentimentality is kept in check, but there is no lack of graphic detail, and one or two minor surprises await the reader who has the patience to work his way through these three volumes (of which, incidentally, the third and last is the most revealing, as well as the most stylish). Inevitably, as the tale unfolds, from the almost halcyon stay on Prinkipo island in 1929-33, via the wretched wanderings around Europe in the middle 30's, to the final agony in Mexico, the picture becomes progressively bleaker. But it is only near the close, with disaster crowding in from every side, and the assassin lurking on the doorstep, that the reader begins to share the author's sense of re-living a tragedy of almost Shakespearan dimensions. Then Trotsky himself began to reflect upon his sufferings and the fate of those nearest to him—the son whom Stalin had exiled to Siberia, the other son who had died in Paris, the daughter who had taken her life, the burden borne by his wife, his faithful companion of so many misfortunes—and for the first time something like self-pity creeps in. He had been reading the autobiography of a famed 17th-century heretic, the Archpriest Avakuum, banished as an "Old Believer" by the Orthodox Church to Siberia where his children died of disease and starvation, and later brought back to Moscow to be burnt at the stake. The thought crossed his mind that after all very little had changed in three centuries:

> Concerning the blows that have fallen to our lot, I reminded Natasha the other day of the life of the Archpriest Avakuum. They were stumbling on together to Siberia, the rebellious priest and his faithful spouse. Their feet sank in the snow, and the poor exhausted woman kept falling into snowdrifts. Avakuum relates: "And I came up, and she, poor soul, began to reproach me, saying: 'How long, archpriest, is the suffering to be?' And I said, 'Markovna, unto our very death.' And she, with a sigh, answered 'So be it, Petrovich, let us be getting on our way.' "

The quotation is from Trotsky's *Diary in Exile*, an account of his wanderings published in 1958 by Harvard, with a preface by Mr. Max Schachtman: one of the veterans of the Trotskyist movement, though today (to Mr. Deutscher's evident disapproval) a Social-Democrat. It is a very moving document, rather more moving than Mr. Deutscher's biography, though perhaps that is an unfair remark. It also has the advantage of being short (not much more than 150 pages), and should be read by everyone interested in Trotsky's per-

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sonality. It is a great pity that it came much too late for Mr. Edmund Wilson to incorporate in his book *To The Finland Station,* whose account of Trotsky in exile is based on the 1930 *Autobiography*. In that year Trotsky was still hopeful, for real disaster had not yet struck. In 1935, the year of the *Diary,* he already had some cause to wonder about his resemblance to the Archpriest Avakuum, for in that year he was expelled from France, refused entry by most other countries, and finally allowed into Norway, only to be interned a year later under humiliating conditions, due to Soviet pressure on the rather philistinely fearful Norwegian Labor government. By 1940—when Mr. Deutscher perforce ends his tale—Trotsky still had some political illusions, but none about his own prospects. While waiting for the assassin to strike, he noted (in a brief Testament appended to the *Diary*): "My high (and still rising) blood pressure is deceiving those near me about my actual condition. I am active and able to work, but the end is evidently near." It came exactly six months later, on August 20, 1940, in an unexpected form, but under circumstances already pointing to the early extinction of his physical no less than his political life. The testament closes (after some remarks about suicide) with the words: "But whatever may be the circumstances of my death, I shall die with unshaken faith in the Communist future. This faith in man and his future gives me even now such power of resistance as cannot be given by any religion." He was wrong, of course: the faith he kept was very precisely of the religious kind.

Over the whole scene of the *Diary*—as indeed over Mr. Deutscher's final volume—there hangs the shadow of an approaching catastrophe. In December 1934, Sergei Kirov, the party boss of Leningrad, had been murdered—if one can believe Khrushchev, at the instigation of none other than Stalin—and the Kremlin reacted with a calculated ferocity that boded ill for the future (though it did not daunt the Webbs, who were just then about to compose their paean to the democratization of Russia under Stalin). The *Diary* reflects the atmosphere on the eve of the great bloodbath of 1936-8. Early in 1935 Trotsky's first wife, and his younger son from a second marriage, were deported to Siberia, though neither had been politically active. Soon, more arrests and deportations followed, mostly of old friends. The diarist recorded these calamities, and then mused idly over the fate of the Czar's family—apparently without noticing the connection. On April 9-10, 1935, a lengthy entry records that the decision in 1918 to execute not merely the Czar but his entire family was taken by the Politburo in Trotsky's absence, and that on hearing of it he voiced some mild surprise (his own preference had been for a public trial of Nicholas II alone). The note proceeds: "The Czar's family fell victim to that principle which constitutes the axis of monarchy: dynastic succession." On the following page there is a brief, troubled, entry: "No news about Seryozha (his younger son), and perhaps there won't be any for a long time." There wasn't. Nor was there any further hint that the author of these reflections had a premonition of destiny recoiling upon his head.

Trotsky's self-examination—notably in the *Diary*—is an impossibly difficult subject, because the view he took of himself and his role was at once so penetrating and so wrong-headed. Gifted with a capacious intellect and with great imaginative powers, he saw quite clearly that he represented a lost cause. At the same time he was convinced that history would vindicate him in the not very distant future. Every now and then he could claim to have been proved right. Thus when the Norwegian government in 1936 first interned him, and then expelled him in distressing circumstances, he told the placid Labor Ministers (they included Mr. Trygve Lie, who comes out very badly) in thundering tones that before long it would be *their* turn to seek refuge in exile. When the blow fell in 1940 and the Norwegian government did have to flee before the invading Germans, Trotsky might have had cause to feel that his prophecy had come true, the more so since he had told Trygve Lie to his face, in the presence of all his assembled officials, that the day was near when the Nazis would drive them all out! (King Haakon, who led the sad procession in 1940, is reported to have reminded his bedraggled Ministers of "Trotsky's curse.")

On other occasions he was less successful as a prophet, and the *Diary* as a whole is shot through with the sort of exasperated nagging that comes naturally to political exiles: all his enemies must be cretins or criminals, and so, it turns out, were most of his friends. If they were not cowardly traitors, they failed through lack of imagination. All the Socialists without exception were useless, while the official Communists were slaves of the Kremlin – that "historically doomed clique" of "degenerate and moronic traitors," who unfortunately possessed power, while he had none. Meanwhile fascism was on the march, not merely in France (this was 1935), but in England too (!), and "bourgeois democracy" clearly was about to give up the ghost. Indeed, imbecility and corruption were spreading everywhere. "It is hard to imagine a more painful occupation than reading Léon Blum." "In Belgium, Spaak has become a Minister. A miserable character!" "Claude Farrère, whom I mentioned the other day, has been elected to the Academy. What a revolting pack of old clowns!" Western literature was mostly decadent; Soviet literature was unreadable; only the classics were still tolerable. Politically, there was no ray of

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hope anywhere: France was rapidly going to pieces, while England was merely "the last ward in the European lunatic asylum." The smaller countries were stupidly philistine, and their leaders a collection of buffoons. Much of this unfortunately was true, but he missed all the factors in the situation that did not fit his prepossessions: notably the underlying strength of simple things like patriotism and democracy, which later asserted themselves in the various Resistance movements. Indeed, on the assumptions made in the *Diary* and in his later writings, the Resistance was incomprehensible, the more so since it was predominantly non-Communist and actuated by sentiments that had no place in his thinking.

In fact the tide had begun to turn in the very month of his death, August 1940. It is a pity that he did not live long enough to take account of England's resistance under Churchill—a Tory romantic with whom temperamentally (though not intellectually) he had something in common. About this time, too, his erstwhile follower André Malraux changed sides and attached himself to de Gaulle: the fascist challenge was beginning to produce its own antidote, but the counter-movement was also a movement away from Leninism and the myth of the October Revolution. Since 1945 the elites of Western Europe have been in possession of their own home-made myth: that of the Resistance. This is one reason—perhaps the major reason—why the whole tradition associated with Trotsky has now faded out.

It will not be revived by Mr. Deutscher's biography, and not only because on its political side his book is very largely a discreetly veiled apology for Stalin (and even more for Stalin's heirs). The fact is that Bolshevism is now as dead as Jacobinism, though there are still some parts of the world where the original tragedy is being re-enacted (in tragi-comic form, to paraphrase Marx). Nothing can revive the illusions brought to birth and then destroyed by the October Revolution; not even the romantic halo which continues to surround the life and death of Leon Trotsky. Who, in this day and age, is going to believe in a proletarian revolution giving rise to a classless society, when the only revolutions actually under way are so clearly neither proletarian nor classless? For that matter, what Marxist is ever again going to entrust his faith to the proletariat: a dwindling minority in the West, and a passive object of manipulation in the East? Even Communists will have to do better if they want their cause to retain some relevance. (In practice they are increasingly coming to rely on the very "labor aristocracy" of technicians and skilled workers whom Lenin and Trotsky anathematized for so many years.) And behind the official facade of "Communism" in the Soviet orbit, there emerges with ever greater clarity the outline of a new society in which the planners hold control, while the technicians do their bidding, and the workers are left to applaud. If this is socialism, it is certainly not classless. The last word lies with those erstwhile followers of Trotsky who broke away from him when they glimpsed the truth. Still it remains that by 1940 Trotsky had wrung from himself the admission that a long, dark, totalitarian night seemed about to precede the dawn, and that "the slaves" would need someone to defend them. Whatever honor Communism still retains was saved by its arch-heresiarch.

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The Coming Test of American Democracy

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

WHAT IS disquieting in our present condition is the contrast between the gravity of the two great domestic problems that require solutions—race relations and unemployment—and the complacency permeating the thoughts and actions of government and public alike.

After dictating that sentence, I was informed of President Kennedy's assassination. Returning after a week of horror and sorrow, pity and shame to the task of discussing these two issues, I find their timely gravity accentuated, if anything, by the tragedy of dual violence through which we have just passed. Interrelated as they are, these issues threaten American democracy with a dissolution of the consensus on which it rests; and if that consensus should ever be dissolved, violence must replace it. Violence from below, actual or threatened, would call forth violence from above, or vice versa, and American democracy would transform itself—in all probability imperceptibly and gradually rather than in one glaring breakdown of constitutional processes—into a police state. This alternative to government by consent of the governed is inescapable; for government must rest on one of two foundations: either consent or violence.

The unequal condition of the American Negro has been an endemic denial of the purpose for which the United States of America was created and which, in aspiration and partial fulfillment, has remained the distinctive characteristic of our society: equality in freedom. That unequal condition has been, in Jefferson's words, "a moral reproach," a "condition of moral and political reprobation." The first step toward eliminating this evil and complying with the American purpose was taken a hundred years ago with the emancipation of the slaves. We have tended, in view of the present unequal condition of the Negro, to underrate the practical importance of that emancipation and to look upon it as a mere change in legal status which had only a small effect on the actual conditions of life. But we should remind ourselves that a slave was a piece of property, like a chicken or a chair, without any attributes of legal personality. He could not marry and had no right to his children. He had no rights in court and was devoid of all other legal protection: he was, like a dog, subject to the master's punishment. In most slave states it was a criminal offense to teach slaves how to read and write. Thus, in order to assess correctly the present status of the Negro in America, it is necessary to compare that status not only with the ideal of equality in freedom, but also with the status of slavery of a century ago. Emancipation transformed the Negro from a thing into a man—a precondition not only for what he has achieved and can hope to achieve in the future, but also for awareness of himself, of what he is and can become.

The problem which American society faced a century ago in the form of slavery posed itself in quite different and much simpler terms than does the issue of segregation today. On the legal plane, solution of the problem of slavery required only a single act: the Emancipation Proclamation. On the level of actual enforcement, the task was first to contain slavery within a circumscribed territory and then to eliminate it altogether through a victorious war. By contrast, the problem which faces us today in the form of segregation cannot be solved by legal enactment, even though legal enactment is a precondition for its solution. The Supreme Court decision of 1954 declaring segregation in public schools unconstitutional, by itself made hardly a dent in actual segregation. After a protracted period of perfunctory compliance and widespread defiance and evasion, it was the spontaneous initiative of the people themselves, Negro and white alike, supported by the full powers of the federal government, which started to compel real compliance with the Supreme Court decision as well as with the principle of integration in other fields of social interaction.

Furthermore, and most importantly, the problem of segregation is not geographically localized, as was the problem of slavery, even though it is posed in certain Southern states in different terms than elsewhere. In consequence, segregation cannot be contained and sealed off, as was slavery. Slavery was a localized cancer which could be cut out; segregation is a metastasized cancer to be treated by more complex and uncertain means.

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There are no segregationist and integrationist states, as there were slave and abolitionist states. All states of the Union are segregationist in different degrees, with regard to different activities, and by virtue, or in spite, of different legal arrangements. Even where the law requires integration in all fields of social interaction, segregation is still a social fact.

It is a fact, moreover, which is all-pervasive and resistant to change; by no means does it apply to Negroes alone. Less than thirty years ago I had to deal with American consuls who considered it their patriotic duty to violate the law in order to prevent the immigration of Jews, and once I was here, I could not find a place to sleep in the White Mountains of New Hampshire until I registered under my wife's maiden name. Less than twenty years ago I could not get service at the Dartmouth Inn in Hanover, New Hampshire. And even today Jews, like Negroes, are barred from owning property in one of the best residential districts in Washington, D.C. Thus segregation is a general social phenomenon, nourished by social myths, fear of what is different, actual social differences, and incompatible interests, real or fancied. These factors on which segregation thrives are as such impervious to legislation, although legislation can provide levers with which to contain and weaken them through the application of irresistible pressure.

IN THE FACE OF the foreseeable persistence of segregation as a social fact, the Negroes of America have at their disposal four courses of action: passive acceptance of a slightly improved status quo; peaceful agitation and pressure; alienation; violence. In view of the high hopes which are being placed upon the practical consequences of legislative enactments, especially on the economic plane, militant alienation and violence—and alienation ultimately means violence, too—are bound to attract large masses of Negroes. Violence, since it cannot organize itself against a rational political objective, is bound to appear as anarchy, a completely unmanageable breakdown of law and order. No less real for not being deemed fit to print stories about, that anarchic violence already terrorizes many of our streets and schools. I have been told that in one Chicago school in one week of November 1963, more than twenty students were attacked by fellow students with deadly weapons, one teacher was hit on the head with a bottle by a student, and one teacher was raped. The student who hit the teacher was only suspended for three days by a frightened school administration, whereupon her father went to school to complain about the treatment his daughter had received!

Such violence, spreading unchecked, is bound to call forth counter-violence by those who feel themselves threatened. While the progress the Negroes are likely to make in their actual conditions of life will be too small to integrate them into the main body of American society, and hence meet their aspirations, it will be significant enough to threaten, or at least appear to threaten, the social position of masses of white members of the lower middle class. This problem is being aggravated by the large-scale migration of Southern Negroes to the North; the Negro population of Mississippi, for instance, has decreased from 51 per cent of the total in 1950 to 42 per cent in 1960 and 36 per cent in 1963. Here will be an additional incentive to the kind of violence that has traditionally been employed by a low stratum of American society that feels itself threatened by a still lower but rising one. We have had a foretaste of things to come in the protracted violence (inadequately reported or not reported at all) which has accompanied or prevented the attempts of Negroes to move into white neighborhoods. Thus we are facing the prospect of a three-cornered relation of violence: the Negro against the government, the white lower middle class against the Negro, and the government against both.

This prospect will be gravely accentuated by the persistence and the probable spread of unemployment. The permanent unemployment we have been unable thus far to cope with is different in nature from the mass unemployment of the 30's. The latter was the result of a temporary maladjustment, a consequence of the natural fluctuations of the business cycle, to be remedied by the techniques of Keynesian economics. The unemployment of our day is the result of structural defects due to technological innovations, to be cured only by radical structural changes.

Technological innovations have affected the structure of our economic system in three different respects. Automation is replacing human labor with machines; machines are making unskilled labor permanently unemployable and are assigning to skilled labor an ever more limited scope; and machines are increasing productivity far beyond the ability of a market economy to consume. In consequence, an enormous and ever expanding productive apparatus and the ever shrinking segment of the population profiting from it find themselves face to face with an ever increasing segment of the population permanently severed from the productive processes and kept on a level of bare subsistence only through the benevolent intervention of the state.

Both economic theory and economic practice have been helpless in confronting the gap which technology is opening up between a productive majority and a permanently unemployable new proletariat, which may well become a majority tomorrow. What is needed to close that gap is not the half-hearted application of Keynesian remedies,

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devised for quite different circumstances, but a revolution in our economic thinking and practice commensurate in its magnitude with the changes modern technology has wrought in our economic circumstances. Such a revolution will have to recognize two fundamental facts, one economic, the other moral.

Economically, we are in the process of acquiring a productive capacity which is transforming our economy from one of scarcity into one of abundance. Morally, we have accepted the obligation to provide all citizens with a modicum of economic well-being and security as a precondition for having an equal opportunity to realize their human potentialities in freedom. It is only outmoded economic theory and practice which stand in the way of our using our productive power for this moral end. Once we have overcome this cultural lag by bringing our economic thinking up to date, we will have to subject our economic system and social organization to a radical transformation.

THE TWO GREAT issues with which American democracy must come to terms—equality in freedom for the American Negro and the restoration of a meaningful economic and social order—are thus interconnected. The former cannot be fully achieved, and might even be ultimately jeopardized, without the latter. For even if the Negro were to come into full possession of legal and social equality, he would still be exposed to the disabilities of a contracting labor market. As an unskilled laborer, regardless of discrimination, he is likely to be permanently unemployed. But even as a skilled worker competing without discrimination for ever scarcer jobs, he would still be threatened with unemployment. The resentment of Negroes whose new equality revealed itself as meaningless in economic terms would be a source of alienation from America and an incentive to violence against it. The resentment of the ever swelling mass of white unemployed would be a source of alienation from the political and social status quo and an incentive to violence against both the Negro and the government. One resentment would be pitted against the other, fanning anew the enmity of races and jeopardizing the ability of the government to govern without the continuous use of violence.

The government, thus deprived on a large scale of the consent of the governed, would have to resort to violence in order to be able to govern. It is at this point that the political order of the states of the Deep South acquires a crucial relevance for the future of American democracy. The governments of these states are already deprived of the consent of the governed, for their legitimacy reposes upon the myth of the natural inequality of the races, a myth unacceptable to the politically conscious Negroes and the white moderates alike. Thus these states can only govern by violence, and it makes a difference only for the modalities of application but not for the substance of the case whether that violence is exerted through the instrumentality of a lynch mob, of an unpunished murderer, of arbitrary police brutality, or of an equally arbitrary administration of justice which destroys life and liberty even more effectively than a mob does.

What is worse, this government by violence is not limited to the Deep South, but rules the nation as a whole through the Southern bloc's domination of Congress. The Southern Congressional leaders cannot afford to support the integration of the Negro into American society since their very political power derives from a denial of the Negro's natural equality. And allied as they are with the most feudalistic sector of the American economy, from which the economic sustenance of their power flows, they cannot even contemplate the radical structural changes in our economic system that technology has made necessary; for them an obsolescent Keynes is a symbol of unacceptable radicalism.

Thus we are in the presence of a dual paradox. On the one hand, a minority which governs its territory through violence rather than the democratic consent of the governed is able to thwart the will of the majority of the nation which seeks to enable American society to cope with the problems of race and permanent unemployment. On the other hand, if it succeeds, that minority will make inevitable the extension of its own methods of government by violence to the whole nation. A century ago, slavery was contained and extirpated through civil war. Today, we face the danger that government by violence may engulf the whole nation through the manipulation of the levers of political power by those who once defended slavery and now can govern their own states only through violence.

Who really won the Civil War? The Union has been preserved, but on whose terms? The house that was divided against itself a hundred years ago is still so divided. It still stands but it has begun to wobble. If the explosive mixture of racial discontent and economic deprivation were ever firmly lodged in its foundations, it could be held precariously together only by the cement of violence.

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How Many Israels?

MILTON HIMMELFARB

The Moroccan Vote

When Disraeli spoke of England as two nations, the rich and the poor, he was not denounced for it. Perhaps that was because he was an Englishman, in the thick of politics. If he had been an outsider, unflattering things might have been said about his understanding and especially his motives, as were said in Israel about the understanding and motives of the cultural anthropologist Alex Weingrod after his "The Two Israels" was published in COMMENTARY, in April 1962. The two Israels, Ashkenazim and Sephardim-"easterners," are a commonplace in Israel itself, but Weingrod was handled roughly even in that excellent new Israeli bi-monthly, *Ammot* (sponsored by the American Jewish Committee).

In particular, Weingrod's critic made much of his being an American Jew and of the psychological needs presumably arising from that circumstance which presumably impelled him to say harsh things about the dominant Ashkenazim. The editor, Shelomo Grodzensky, also entered into the discussion. While not acquitting Weingrod of all the charges of misunderstanding against him, Grodzensky tried to situate him in a tradition of cultural anthropology, influential in America, that refuses to see the fact of cultural difference as meaning the superiority of one culture over another and especially of the people of one culture over the people of another. Affirming that tradition for himself, Grodzensky hoped it would become influential in Israel too.

I am not sure that cultural anthropology is the dominant influence on us. If we have been educated at all, it is by American politics and American society. Not very long ago the intellectual and moral elite here was saying things about the Irish that today we can hardly believe were said even when we see them on the printed page. Low nature, imperviousness to American ideals—there was no end to the bill of particulars. By now it is not hard to see that the accusations tell us as much about the accusers as about the accused, or as little. American Jews, who have been similarly complimented from time to time, know there is something wrong when the same sort of thing is said about the newer lesser breeds in this country, like the immigrant Puerto Ricans and the in-migrant Negroes.

The immigrants' children or grandchildren finally make it. Sometimes they make it by using means that are conventionally regarded as distasteful or even un-American, such as the famous so-called bloc vote. But we know now, better than ever, that their success has not been at the expense of the common good. The late President Kennedy's irreducible power base was Irish Catholic Boston. Was he a worse President than, say, Harding and Coolidge, who were not of more or less recent, self-conscious immigrant stock and religion?

In the United States the son of a Protestant immigrant from England or Canada is in some sense old-stock, a realer American than others. The others resent that here. In Israel an immigrant from Poland can be a realer Israeli than other, native-born Israelis. The others resent that there. An American Jew may be the cousin of an Israeli, both having a Polish grandfather in common. All kinds of emotional difficulties are likely between the two, from both sides. Still, it is not those difficulties so much as the American's American experience that would lead him to sympathize with the resentment of the non-Ashkenazi Israeli.

Whether it will lead him to sympathize with non-Ashkenazi group voting in Israel is something else again. American Jews are uneasy about group voting here, mostly because the individualist ideology that expresses the vision of the good society—and the self-interest—of nearly all modern Jews, almost everywhere, coalesces in America with the individualist ideology that expresses the interest and the values of the enlightened, chiefly Protestant, upper middle class. The favorite newspaper of the Jews of the United States, the New York *Times*, is unwearying in its disdain for balanced tickets and in its insistence on individual rights, not group rights—unwearying, often unrealistic, and sometimes, in substance if not in form, unjust and uncompassionate. But our American experience and consciousness may be changing, slowly. Since there was a distinct group element among the forces that brought Kennedy to the White House, group feeling in politics cannot be all bad. To the extent that his election

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had the effect of narrowing the gap in status between the old and the new stock, it is seen to have been mostly good for the society. And when we think of the Negroes and what the country owes them in justice alone, we begin to discern that individualism, like patriotism for Edith Cavell, is not enough.

FAVORING "one of our own" seems to be more evident than before among the non-Ashkenazim in Israel. By electing the fellow Near Easterner or North African one assures oneself not only the kind of gratification that Italians used to get from Joe DiMaggio here, but also the tangible rewards, and respect, that success in politics normally brings. The Israeli government is doing all it can to raise the living standards, the vocational skills, and the education of the easterners; but let them show disenchantment with the existing parties and elect some of their people on their own ticket, as they did last year in Beersheba and Ashdod, and the government may do even more. How much a government must do sometimes determines how much it can do.

After the elections in Beersheba and Ashdod the expected cries of outrage were heard—"appeals to communal prejudice" and "communalism." (Communalism, especially in India, means the desire of religious and linguistic communities for states of their own, with some damage to the authority of the central government and to the national unity.) The *Jewish Chronicle* (London), the Thunderer of the Jews, gravely warned the Israeli government not to temporize or compromise by "patronage . . . on a communal basis," but instead to "train young Oriental immigrants in the duties and privileges ["privileges" is added to sweeten "duties"] of citizenship." The words are old, familiar, and therefore comforting. The New York *Times* has used almost the identical ones about American and New York politics several times a year for many years, and a generation or two ago the uptown Jews here addressed them regularly to the downtown Jews.

Why the fuss? The charge of communalism, in its Indian sense, is silly. Both the easterners and the Ashkenazim are Jews and both speak Hebrew, or would like to speak it. (Today we can see how right the Hebraists were and how wrong the Yiddishists when, decades ago, they debated the proper language for the Yishuv. How would the easterners feel now about an Israel, and their place in such an Israel, whose language was Yiddish? And we can see that the Ashkenazi Hebraists were right, too, in adopting an approximately Sephardi pronunciation for the Hebrew that they ordained.) In these matters Israel is more like the United States than like India, and the experience of the United States is that if groups, so defined by origin and by exclusion from the Establishment, vote as groups, they are voting to become equals in one nation, not to form separate nations. It is also the experience of the United States that the groups within the Establishment, not conscious of themselves as groups, think the outsiders are immoral to behave as they do. Ideology not only justifies interest, it also veils reality.

I have never been able to understand how people in the United States can persuade themselves that it is proper and even desirable to vote for your interest as a worker or a storekeeper or a manufacturer but improper to vote for your interest in achieving equality of treatment and regard as an Italian or a Negro or a Catholic. Is the precise size of your bank account so much more intimately related than your parentage and memories to who you feel you are and how you would like to be treated? In 1960 Irish Catholic businessmen tended to vote for Nixon. To hear some of them talk then—they probably do not want to remember it now—Kennedy was out to destroy business. If they had to err about Kennedy, it would have been a more amiable error to favor him as one of their own, the man whose election would help to affirm the equality of Irish Catholics, than to oppose him as the businessman's bogeyman.

In the same way, I find it hard to understand why in Israel a Moroccan laborer is thought to be acting with civic virtue and wisdom if he votes for one of the labor parties, but not if he votes for a Moroccan who campaigns on a platform of greater regard and opportunity for Moroccans and Iraqis, and whose very election on an easterners' slate will hearten his supporters. The labor parties—or the parties representing lower-middle-class shopkeepers, etc.—will be displeased, of course, and take a high moral tone about their displeasure. That does not mean that such a vote is the disservice to Israel that everyone seems to agree it is. In the long run, by exerting pressure on behalf of the second, non-Ashkenazi Israel, it may help to make the two Israels one. *Mutatis mutandis,* that is what has been happening in America, on the whole, despite the Establishment ideology. Voting for your own becomes less tempting when enough of your own have been elected.

Completely, Mostly, Partly Observant

Religion, too, has been much in the news in Israel lately. Hyper-Orthodox zealots of the Me'ah She'arim quarter in Jerusalem, indignant about Sabbath travel on a nearby street, stoned cars and buses, week after week; they must have discovered a ruling in the codes or the responsa that stoning is a licit Sabbath activity. In Israel their allies mounted a campaign against missionary schools that came close to intimidation, and in one or two instances to violence. From the Me'ah She'arim of New York, Williamsburg, young people were

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marched forth to picket the Israeli consulate and to denounce the Israeli government as an inveterate persecutor of Judaism. (The Israeli police had tried to put down the Sabbath stonings. Was that not persecution?) Two of the young New Yorkers, holding with their friends that Israel is no better than a Nazi state, drew swastikas on the consulate building. Altogether, a splendid testimonial to religion.

Most Jews were merely disgusted, but in Israel some had organized a League for the Abolition of Religious Coercion to do something about it. More accurately, the League came into being some time ago to widen the separation of synagogue and state—for instance, by permitting civil marriage, so that an Israeli *kohen* who wishes to marry a divorcee need no longer go to Cyprus for the marriage. In Jerusalem the police had to head off kibbutznik members of the League who had come a long way to do battle. But some of those people, as far as I can judge, really do not belong in a League for the Abolition of Religious Coercion. Their passion is for the promotion of irreligious coercion. They are from Ha-shomer Ha-tza'ir kibbutzim, which means that they are—what is the classical expression?—critical supporters of the Soviet Union as the leader of the Socialist Camp and of Progressive Humanity. Critical supporters—the adjective is subordinate to the noun. If they have criticized the persecution of religion in the Soviet Union, and the especially intense persecution of Jewish religion, their criticism has been whispered so low that most of us have never heard it. I should hate to have to choose between the two, but I have less fear of the Me'ah She'arim-Williamsburg axis than of the Militant Godless, in or out of the Soviet Union. The religious fanatics, a squalid nuisance, have no hope of coming to power. The *bezbozhniks* have shown us in Russia what they are capable of, everywhere.

Liberal people like us prefer not to think of it, but it is frighteningly easy to pass from wishing to abolish religious coercion to engaging in irreligious coercion. Voltaire gained a just immortality by his writings and his deeds, as in the Calas case, against the infamy of persecution, and we would like to think that our legacy from him is tolerance and a horror of imposing or suppressing beliefs. But Diderot, Voltaire's comrade in arms in establishing the Enlightenment tradition, indiscreetly revealed that the aversion from bloodthirstiness and persecution was not so thoroughgoing as all that, provided the right people and causes were persecuting the wrong ones. During the centuries of the Inquisition "the Church abhors blood" was interpreted to mean that heretics should be turned over to the secular arm for burning. Diderot's "let us strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest" is rather less dainty. Not all who stand in the tradition of Voltaire and Diderot would persecute if they could, but some would, and do.

Adapting Diderot's vision to the realities of our day and rejecting its fantasy of violence and blood, we can hope that the time will soon come when the last commissar and the last *bezbozhnik* have disappeared together, peacefully.

IT IS a sad thing that even in Jerusalem Jews of heroic piety, clustered in their dismal little enclave, have their Sabbath invaded or troubled by the internal-combustion engine. For they *are* heroic in their piety, resisting the temptations of the soft life and the good time, renouncing worldly ambition, embracing poverty. The ascetic devotion of those who laid the foundation for the State of Israel, and particularly the founders of the kibbutz movement, still evokes our admiration, and rightly so. Theirs was a heroism that we recognize, because they were modern people. We ought equally to recognize the heroism of people who are not modern.

So it would be nice if they could have their undisturbed Sabbath. The trouble is that their leaders, or perhaps they themselves, would not be content with arrangements for Me'ah She'arim's immediate periphery. Even if it were possible to ban Saturday traffic on the disputed road, they would then ask for a ban on the next road, and so on. And here they are at fault. They are right in saying that the State of Israel has not brought an end to Exile. It is their wisdom to understand, as all our ancestors understood, that even the *Shekhinah*, the Divine Presence, is in Exile. That being so, and since they say they must be in exile in Israel too, why do they violate their own principles, acting profanely to extend the domain of the sacred? They challenge the very legitimacy of the State of Israel precisely because Israel is not messianic, but profane. Yet by throwing stones they are guilty of that Hastening of the End for which they condemn the secular Zionists and the State. They deserve to have their little exile, in the Jerusalem that still awaits Redemption, shielded against provocation and needless offense. But they also owe it to their neighbors and especially to themselves to put their faith not in muscle but in the coming of the Messiah, who alone can restore to the Sabbath its due and pristine glory. In the meanwhile, not the least valuable lesson they can teach us is the difference between redemption and Redemption.

ACTUALLY, surprisingly little has been known about Jewish religion in Israel until the publication of a study by the American sociologist Aaron Antonovsky. His "Political and Social Attitudes in Israel," jointly undertaken by the Israeli Institute for Applied Social Research and the Institute for International Social Research in Princeton, appeared recently in *Ammot*. While it examines

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a wide range of questions—party preference, attitudes toward the United States and the Soviet Union, and the like—the most interesting and curious part of it has to do with religion.

Many Israelis, and many American Jews too, have been thoroughly skeptical of the synagogue affiliation and religious self-identification of American Jews. They see this as being not truly religious but primarily a cover for Jewish ethnic feeling. In Israel, they say, evasiveness and self-deception of that kind are unnecessary and therefore non-existent. There no Jew need be or pretend to be religious in order to feel that he is a Jew or to make sure that his children will be Jews. There people are religious or irreligious, with no ambiguous middle ground.

That is the assertion. It is not, as we now discover, the fact. Dr. Antonovsky's interviewers asked each respondent to choose one of four answers to a question about his religious conduct: (1) completely observant; (2) mostly observant; (3) partly observant; (4) not observant at all, irreligious. By far the largest group of respondents, 46 per cent, described themselves as partly observant! (Thirty per cent chose one or the other of the first two, strongly religious answers, and 24 per cent chose the fourth, irreligious one.) It is something of a relief to know that the Israelis are recognizably like us, with our vacillations and inconsistencies and our compromises that drive the philosophers mad. Perhaps their resemblance to us means that our own religious behavior is not merely what our critics say it is.

Reading the study, one becomes interested in Antonovsky. He has not succeeded in concealing himself. He is clearly disappointed in those 46 per cent, perhaps having hoped that he had seen the last of them in America. Whenever he can, he links them with the irreligious 24 per cent, including them among those he says hold "an exclusively secularist [*hilloni*] position" or calling them near-secularist, though he could just as well link them with the religious 30 per cent. They belong by themselves, of course, although continuous at one end with the 30 per cent and at the other end with the 24 per cent.

Antonovsky's attitude toward religion becomes even clearer when he discusses the answers to this question: "Should the Israeli government see to it that public life is in accordance with the Jewish religious tradition?" With consummate objectivity he denominates those who answered yes as clericals, and those who answered no as anti-clericals. (His clericals came to 41 per cent and his anti-clericals to 55 per cent; 4 per cent did not answer. His discussion of what he considers to be inconsistency—people who are personally religious saying that the government should not be concerned, and secularists and "near-secularists" saying that it should—need not occupy us here.) He does not try to get at what his respondents thought they were saying when they answered his question with yes or no, although nothing can be more certain than that they did not understand it alike and that many understood it differently from him. If you asked his secularists or near-secularists who nevertheless say they approve a governmental concern with the religious tradition whether they are for permitting civil marriage, most would probably say yes; but they are also for kosher food in the army and closing government offices on holy days. Some might even mean by the answer they chose that the government ought to do something about usuriously high interest rates. Of his anti-clericals, who say they are opposed to a governmental concern with religion, more would like to see civil marriage permitted than feel that mail should be delivered on Yom Kippur. Besides yes or no, Antonovsky should have allowed his respondents to say yes-and-no. But he does not like middle grounds.

A minor but intriguing point has to do with the first two possible answers to Antonovsky's question about personal religiousness. (The first was, "Yes, decidedly, I observe all the details [*diqduqim*] of the Jewish tradition," and the second was, "I observe it in large part, in most of its details.") Almost by definition—by definition from within the religion, that is—a religious Jew cannot say he does everything the tradition requires of him. He should be modest, like our teacher Moses. Anyway, he knows what Solomon knew, that there is no man who does not sin. Why, then, did about 15 per cent of the respondents choose the first answer (with another 15 per cent choosing the second)? Perhaps they were just pulling the interviewer's leg, telling him what they would not dare tell their fellows, in derision of his heathen ignorance. Or perhaps they were making an accommodation to the mind of the heathen, using his language to say something that they would themselves use quite different language for. I have no doubt that some who said they were mostly observant are more pious than some who said they were completely observant, and there may even have been pious Jews among the 46 per cent who said they were only partly observant. This social scientist, who would carefully avoid asking about political ideology in language alien to any political ideologist, apparently did not think it necessary to get a sense of what religion means to the religious before he framed his question about it.

I confess a certain pleasure in the discomfort that those brothers of mine, the 46 per cent, have caused Antonovsky. If they are, as he says, near-secularist, they are also, as he does not say, near-religious. One reason why they stay in the muddled middle may be that while some of the religious 30 per cent are impossible, some of the secularist 24 per cent are not very attractive either.

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OBSERVATIONS

A NEW DEAL FOR THE ARTS

Paul Goodman

THE RECENT closing of the Living Theater in New York for default on rent and taxes reminds us strongly of the plight of such enterprises in our society. It is hard to be decently poor and to venture in a style uniquely one's own. To Europeans this was our most famous advance-guard company, and at home it was at least the most notorious. Yet simple calculation shows that it was unviable both economically and artistically. The maximum number of seats an off-Broadway theater may have, if it is to be allowed to pay the "Equity minimum" subsistence wage-scale, is 299; because of the unavailability of real estate in New York City, the Living Theater seated about 170. Its weekly budget was $2000, of which half went for the subsistence salaries. Thus, the theater would have had to sell out nearly every night at four dollars a ticket to meet the budget and get enough ahead to mount a new production. (A new production costs eight to ten thousand dollars.)

The ticket price was out of line for an advance-guard theatre. The directors' original intention had been to keep half the seats at one dollar—for students, poor artists, beatniks. Worse, the pressure to have pretty immediate "successes" inevitably undermined the artistic intention, which was to provide new-theater experiences and present the best available new plays, in order to enliven the torpid mass audience and form a new audience. Since the indifference or disapproval of the incompetent New York reviewers was guaranteed, one had to rely on word of mouth; but this takes months, one could not wait. Hence the temptation was strong to be sensational, or to play voguish modern classics like Brecht—which prevented the formation of a loyal new audience. If by chance there was an eventual selling notice for a play, like the *New Yorker*'s rave for Jack Gelber's *The Connection* or *Life*'s spread for Kenneth H. Brown's *The Brig* (ironically, the theater went bankrupt when it had one of its modest hits), the audience would consist of tourists and mink coats or week-end Yalees. Worst of all, in order to cash in, it was necessary to keep repeating the successful play long beyond the interest of the directors or performers, and this undermined the original aim, which had been to do repertory. By and large, indeed, the most interesting evenings at the Living Theater were Mondays, when off-Broadway is dark and the stage was used for irregular performances or readings.

The Living Theater had a non-profit classification and sought foundation support. But somehow, though a couple of the great foundations have rather generously supported several dozen little theaters, no money was forthcoming for this liveliest one. It was rumored that the Living Theater's connection with the Worldwide General Strike for Peace put the foundations off; Julian Beck and Judith Malina (Mrs. Beck), the directors, were in and out of jail on this issue and civil rights; also the theater itself was a resort of known pacifists, potheads, poets, and other punks. A representative of a great foundation complained to me that the Living Theater was not financially scrupulous; he was apparently surprised that it would pay its actors before its bills, or that artists would write bouncing checks to save the opening of a play that they had prepared for six weeks. Or maybe the lack of foundation support was just "mathematical," as Kafka said of the mischances of this world.*

Needless to say, many have proposed the usual liberal solution for such problems: paste the problem on the wall and throw government money at it. Since the arts, like the poor, are worthy and neglected, there must be an Arts Council in Washington and a direct government subsidy. But I doubt that the Congress of the United States would be a more sophisticated or catholic patron than the foundations; we can hardly expect it—under the patriotic fire of Walter Winchell or Senator Eastland—to support potheads, Communists, pacifists, homosexuals, or "nigger-lovers." At best, officially sponsored theater would be sanitary, uplifting, or mass-entertaining; it could not be corrosive, political, or intimately vulgar and popular. Artistically, official support of *new* theater would in all probability be positively damaging. Especially under an administration with a certain moneyed cultivation like that of Governor Rockefeller in New York or that of the late President in Washington, the tendency is to support glamorous show-cases like Lincoln Center or the proposed National Arts Center, that create in the public mind the illusion that this kind of thing, with its Big Names, is the norm of living art. Every such enterprise makes it all the harder

* Since this was written, the Living Theater has been able to reopen in a new location—thanks to the proprieter of the Midway Theater, who has donated the premises rent-free for the rest of the season.

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for the genuine, the modest, the outlandish, to live and breathe. (The case of the WPA theater of the 30's was different—and I shall return to it.)

In my opinion, there *is* an important role for direct government subsidy of theater, namely to underwrite standard classical repertory, of drama and opera, say up to 1940, a generation ago. This is simply part of the education of the young and is no different from supporting museums or schools. Such repertory provides good training for directors and performers, it gives interim employment, it can do little damage to new art, and indeed, by raising the general level of the audience, it indirectly and powerfully helps new art.

II

How, then, can our society support necessary new ventures like the Living Theater? Let me make a proposal springing from an analysis of the structure of our contemporary institutions. The essence of our modern problem, as I see it, is that the growth of mass communications, the centralized decision-making in the big media, their heavy capitalization, their concentration by continual mergers, the inflated costs for overhead, public relations, and highly organized labor, and the vast common-denominator audiences sought and created for the efficient and profitable use of such investments—these things pre-empt the field and make it impossible for small, new, or dissenting enterprises to get a start and a fair hearing. Even more important, the big mass media interlock in their financing and echo one another in content and style; with one tale to tell, they swamp and outblare, and they effectually set definite limits to what can "normally" be thought, said, and felt.

It is hardly necessary to demonstrate all this, but I will just mention the usual headings. (1) "News" is what is selected as newsworthy by a few men in a few news-services; three almost identical broadcasting networks abstract from the same; and then it is abridged for the *Junior Scholastic*. Even for this news only 60 towns in America have competing newspapers (in 1900 there were 600). (2) The publishing houses merge and their editorial choices are increasingly determined by tie-ins with book-clubs, serialization in national magazines, Hollywood, paperback reprints. (3) The Standard of Living, how to live decently, is what is shown in the ads in a few mass-circulation magazines and identically in the TV commercials; and movie-sets of respectable life come from the same factories. (4) The "important" in entertainment is what is slickly produced, elaborately promoted, and reviewed by the right dozen papers and national magazines. (5) Political thought is the platforms of two major parties that agree on crucial issues like the cold war and the expanding economy, and the Congress decides to abrogate equal time for the broadcasting of minority opinions. (6) Public-service communications, e.g. educational TV, are tightly geared to the Establishment universities and the middle-of-the-road school boards.

Now some of this has real advantages, and anyway the whole complex represents one inevitable use of the technology and the national economy. Yet this whole complex is gravely problematical, so problematical, indeed, that it faces us with a constitutional crisis. For in such an atmosphere of uniform thought and feeling, and potential brainwashing, it is impossible to carry on a free, rather than a mass, democracy. The attempt to regulate the media by government agencies, like the FCC, does not work; and the outcry of censorship, though entirely hypocritical, is correct in principle. (As the case is, however, the broadcasters themselves censor: they blacklist and they wipe out controversial tapes, even though they have exclusive licenses to the channels.) It has been proposed that the government itself be used to counteract the debasing media—for instance by establishing a TV channel like the BBC or by publishing an official edition of classical American literature. This is wise if it refers to transmitting authoritative information and standard fare, but it is entirely irrelevant to the problem of helping the controversial and the new, for of course the government is part of the consensus that makes it hard for the controversial to gain an entry.

Therefore, to meet this constitutional and cultural crisis, let us look for a new principle in the structure of the danger itself, and let us suggest that *it is the responsibility of the mass media themselves to support, freed from their own direction, a countervailing force of independent and dissenting media of all kinds.* Since it is mainly the size of the common-denominator audience that constitutes the peril, conceive of a graduated tax on the audience size—of the broadcasting stations and networks, big newspapers and chains, national magazines, Hollywood, the publishing combinations—*to create a fund earmarked exclusively for the support of countervailing small media:* local newspapers, little theaters and magazines, unaffiliated broadcasters. The tax would be collected by local, state, or federal government as relevant; we shall discuss the administration of the fund below. The constitutional virtue of this proposal is that it provides for the danger—of brainwashing—to generate its own antidote. Moreover, it is altogether in the spirit of the American principle of built-in checks and balances, applied to technical and economic conditions where free competition cannot work, where, indeed, there is semi-monopolistic private government paralleling or interlocked with public government.

As an immediate simple application of the principle to cases like the Living Theater, consider the following: Instead of repealing, as seems to be

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intended, the war-time excise tax on theater and movie-tickets, earmark it for a fund to support little theater and experimental movies. This would in effect mean that the mass and commercial media, which provide almost all of the take, would be supporting the local, the off-beat, and the dissenting. I propose this immediate remedy because obviously it is easier and less painful to shift the use of an existing tax than to levy a new tax. But of course for the general application to the media —TV, press, advertising, and publishing—the rate (10 per cent per ticket) is vastly out of line. The aim of the proposed tax is *not* punitive or sumptuary or emergency, but simply to provide a steady modest revenue. We are concerned with audiences numbering often in the millions; an audience of 100,000 would surely be exempt. (Incidentally, there is now before the House of Commons a graduated tax on the advertising of the big broadcasting networks, but this seems to be partly punitive.)

III

To WHOM SHOULD support be given? I am strongly opposed to having Arts Councils or boards of experts as selectors. With the best will in the world, such experts are cliquish. Many of the best artists—as it turns out—are lacking in the character and techniques to win prestigious attention; they do not attend the right parties. Much that is excellent is overlooked or misunderstood; it sometimes wins its way unaided and is then crowned with help when it no longer needs any. The thorny problem is to choose professionally—by definition, amateurs do not need "support"—and yet as randomly as the spirit bloweth.

I have discussed the matter with Mr. and Mrs. Beck of the Living Theater and we agree that the following methods are tolerable: (1) A popular principle: to divide the country into regions and give aid to any group that can get a certain number of thousand petitions for itself. (2) A professional principle: to support any group that can win a certain number of dozen peers as sponsors—namely directors, playwrights, professors of literature or the humanities, critics, film-makers, etc. These need not like what the group does, but must be willing to testify that the enterprise is worthwhile and should be helped to exist. (3) Naturally, any group that does exist in the present conditions has proved its right to exist, and should be supported if necessary. (4) Also, the old policy of the WPA theater has much to recommend it: this was essentially to support everybody unemployed in the field; when there were enough to form a group of any kind in a locality, the group was underwritten and the individuals employed.

Support by the fund should be very modest, of no interest to people in show business; and it should be tailored just to help a worthwhile group get a hearing and either try to win its way commercially or fulfill a non-profit artistic function. Consider an interesting case: Recently there was a little group at the Judson Memorial Church (rent free) that passed a hat for the scenery, lights, and ads; in my opinion, this group provided the best evenings of theater in New York City in the past two years. It seems to me extremely important for the dignity of such artists that they be paid Equity minimum instead of nothing; and of course, without such pay no such group can persist. Or another kind of case: the fund might underwrite a quarterly circulation of 10,000 copies for a little magazine for, say, three years, by which time it ought to have won its own audience or go out of business. Another case (to show how little money is involved): WBAI in New York City, certainly one of the best radio stations in the country, operates for $38 an hour (its salaries are low; most of its programming is volunteer). It has no ads. More than 60 per cent of its $250,000 budget comes from its 12,000 subscribers, at $12 each. Yet the station might lapse because of the difficulty of getting gifts for the remainder. In this case, a subsidy of as little as $5 an hour would put everyone at ease.

Obviously, the fund must entail no responsibility either by or to the government. That is, it could subsidize activities politically extremist in any direction, morally questionable, or aesthetically outrageous, subject only to ordinary law.*

IV

ALLOW ME A philosophical reflection on the political principle that I am here using.

The justified suspicion of growing governmental power and the efforts to curtail it, usually leave

* The chief Congressional champion of aid to the arts is Rep. John Lindsay (R., N.Y.), and he too is earnestly insisting that a "Federal grant-in-aid program operated by a government-appointed panel should not dictate cultural tastes in America." I am quoting from his speech in the House of April 4, 1963. But affectionate as I am toward Rep. Lindsay, his proposal is a poor one, namely, that the government match funds with individual and foundation gifts above a certain minimum: "this would compel the organization to prove itself with the public before receiving government aid." If Mr. Lindsay thinks that rich individuals or foundations represent the public, or the artistic public, he does not know the facts of life. He moves too much in the right circles. "As a safeguard," he says, "a ceiling—say, 3 percent of the total appropriation—should be set on the amount for any single organization. This would prevent a single group from capturing the whole Federal kitty." (But it would mean that 35 prestigious groups *would* capture it.) Lindsay entirely misses the point of how to support poverty-stricken authentic art. But at least he is trying. The problem is not perfectly soluble. For instance, there are probably some kinds of art which must *not* be helped, in order to remain themselves.

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the field open to the operation of private powers that are almost as formidable and yet are less subject to popular check. The exercise and not very tender mercy of private powers are in turn met by the regulatory agencies and welfare policies of public power. Sometimes these public and private powers glower at each other and clinch, and then there is no social movement at all. At other times there are unholy combinations between them, like the military-industrial, government-universities, urban renewal-real estate promoter, politics-Madison Avenue complexes, that pre-empt the field, expand unchecked, ride roughshod, and exclude any independent, thrifty, or honest enterprise. Certainly, to avoid these dilemmas, we must encourage a different concept and practice of countervailing force. In important ways, public and private power do not usefully countervail each other when both are centralized and powerful, for the independent, the new, the dissenting are destroyed by both.

In a viable constitution, every excess of power should structurally generate its own antidote. That is, power entails a responsibility to counteract the dangers it creates—though proper exercise of the power should not thereby be impeded. In my opinion, resort to this kind of built-in countervalence is often far more direct and safer than relying on the intervention of the governmental juggernaut, whose bureaucracy, politicking, and policing are sometimes worse than the disease (if one is a "conservative") or are at best necessary evils (if one is a "liberal"). The proposal of a fund provided by the mass media to support independent media and prevent brainwashing is an example of built-in countervalence. (I think the same line of reasoning could be usefully pursued in another case: to make those who profit by automation more directly responsible to provide or educate for other employment or useful leisure.)

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* * *

PERETZ OFF-BROADWAY

Irving Howe

IN EARLY November "The Theatre of Peretz," a dramatization of nearly a dozen stories by the classical Yiddish writer, was presented at a small off-Broadway house.* The production was obviously a labor of love and, one would guess, a defiance of the laws of economics. That a genuine feeling for the theater and an intense devotion to Yiddish culture went into this effort makes it all the harder to say what in honesty must be said: it was all a disaster, from beginning to end. By now this would hardly require any comment, for there is no shortage of bad plays in New York. What prompts me, nevertheless, to turn back to "The World of Peretz" is that seeing the play raised in my mind a number of problems about the whole effort to present Yiddish literary works in English.

A table, two or three chairs, a large board with pegs on which there hung shawls and hats: that was the simple but effective setting. Three actors appear on the stage, one of them declaiming a bit of information about Peretz as the others change costumes in the darkened but visible background. Then all come forward, acting out versions of the Peretz stories that have been stripped to their anecdotal core, so that little pretense is made that they are being rendered with any fullness of characterization. This is a stage technique that invites intellectual assent rather than dramatic illusion; we are to respond not so much to the skits themselves as to the ideas and attitudes of Peretz which they are meant to illustrate. Mr. Isaiah Sheffer, who did the adaptations, chose to concentrate on Peretz's Hasidic and *folkstimliche* tales, a choice, one might suppose, which would in itself provide continuity and coherence.

But in fact there was neither continuity nor coherence. It was impossible to discern any principle of sequence or development in the presentation of the sketches, for there was no guiding idea behind them other than the impulse, so unhappily characteristic of middle-brow exploitation of Yiddish, to show Peretz in his "warmth." (That Peretz wasn't really so "warm" a writer, that a good many Yiddish writers aren't so "warm" either, is a heresy that can be appreciated only by those who actually read Yiddish.) A number of the pieces chosen by Mr. Sheffer are among Peretz's weakest, and as they were adapted for the stage—which is to say, as they were further softened—it became impossible to gather from them what it was that Peretz thought or felt or stood for. Fundamentally the production was parasitic: to make any sense of it you had to bring to the theater your own idea of Peretz, just as to make sense of the movie *Lawrence of Arabia* you have to bring your own idea of T. E. Lawrence.

Each of the actors performed in a sharply different style, as if to illustrate the clash in current assumptions on how the Yiddish past can be confronted. Zvee Scooler, a veteran Yiddish actor in whom the corn runs native, did Peretz in a style reminiscent of Paul Muni playing Zola: rich with twinkling warmth and wisdom, for which, it must be said, there is plenty of warrant in the

*"The Theatre of Peretz," presented by YAL Company at the Gate Theatre. Adapted and staged by Isaiah Sheffer.

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tradition of the Yiddish theater. Mr. Scooler was trying, at the same time, to be restrained: he had to consider the young Americans with whom he shared the stage. But he is what he is, or rather, he is a worn version of what he once was. Opposite him, as narrator and foil, was Mr. Sheffer, much younger and very self-conscious, reciting in the rhythms of Talmud Torah eloquence. And finally there was Miss Nancy Franklin, a lovely girl clean out of Actor's Studio, who played with lilting embarrassment and antiseptic sweetness. It was almost as if three generations had been put on display, each revealing the troubledness of its response to the *idea* of Yiddish, the cultural past they were supposed to admire but about which they could project no impression other than its supposed "warmth." Dramatically a mish-mash, these juxtapositions of style did lend a kind of cautionary moral to Mr. Sheffer's attempt to "transplant" Peretz into English.

I say "transplant" rather than "translate" because "The World of Peretz" cannot be called a genuine translation. An English version of a Yiddish play or story, like an English version of a literary work from any language, ought to be self-sufficient and intelligible in its own right; it ought to command the attention of a cultivated non-Jewish audience without the aid of glossaries, friends, and winks. This "The World of Peretz" did not even try to do: its effects depended crucially on tapping the ready sentimentalism of American Jews who nourish a few memories of Yiddish and precisely to the extent that they have forgotten the language find themselves growing fonder of it.

The actors spoke their lines in heavy sing-song, what is commonly accepted as a Yiddish intonation; and I found it offensive. Mr. Scooler's accent did not trouble me at all: it is his, and it is genuine. But when Miss Franklin tried to imitate the speech rhythms of a Jewish mother, she was utterly false, from the top of her pretty head straight down to her toes. For a Yiddish intonation is appropriate only to Yiddish speech; and most of what is these days regarded as Yiddish intonation has little to do with the ways in which Jews have spoken or speak the language, but is, I would insist, a stylized corruption stemming from American mass culture. To transpose this intonation to English is to create a mode of speech neither Yiddish nor English nor even immigrant Jewish-English. Artistically, it is about as valid as doing a production of *Phèdre* in which the leading actress speaks English with a comedy-French accent.

What emerged, then, in "The World of Peretz" was a hybrid such as has never been heard on sea, land, or Second Avenue. No matter how good Mr. Sheffer's intentions, his play was a sustained exploitation of nostalgia and as such, a debasement of the Yiddish tradition. That many institutions in the American Jewish world, not least of all the Yiddish press, lend support to such debasements may be true; but it is no excuse.

And a debasement not only in style, but also in content. Peretz's stories are not dramatic: they depend very little on visible events, they create no complex or memorable figures, and they seldom generate obvious excitements. Most of his stories are in the tradition of *chochmah,* cleverness and wisdom. Everything depends, particularly in his fragile retellings of Hasidic and folk tales, on a sly twist of phrase, a clever turning of incident by means of which Peretz renders problematic—or as the Yiddish poet Jacob Glatstein has brilliantly remarked, by means of which he brings into the 19th century—materials that were originally untouched by the modern sensibility. Peretz reworks folk and Hasidic themes in a way that appears to be folk-like but is actually the outcome of a sophisticated literary intelligence. Peretz the modern intellectual, the man who measures the distance between himself and the pieties to which he returns, is always in sight. As the late Isaac Rosenfeld has written:

> The pragmatic stamp is on every word. The tone of wonder is given by the intelligence and not by the Hasidic awe it represents. Peretz shares the faith of which he writes but at a considerable remove, and it does not rest for him in the objects or efficacies of the Hasidic mystique, nor does it express a natural piety of utterance, as with prayer; his is a borrowed piety, taken from the intelligence, adept at translating one mode into another.

In the end Peretz must always part company with the Hasidic wonder-workers, for he cannot really share their oneness of vision. They tell stories, he retells them: it is a world of difference. Consider, for example, the first sketch used by Mr. Sheffer, "If Not Higher." This famous piece concerns a skeptical Litvak who sneers at reports that the Rabbi of Nemirov ascends to heaven each Sabbath. To find out for himself, the Litvak follows the Rabbi one Sabbath and discovers that what he actually does is to disguise himself in peasant clothing and chop firewood for poor women. The Litvak becomes "converted" and now, when he hears the Rabbi's disciples claim that their master enters heaven on the Sabbath, he adds the enigmatic phrase "if not higher."

The story can be read as a parable of Peretz's own literary situation: the skeptical Litvak recognizes the saintliness of the rabbi, but sees it as a pragmatic or secular saintliness; he adores the rabbi as a moral hero rather than an accomplice of God; and the rabbi, in turn, would probably refuse to accept the Litvak's mode of discipleship, for he could not recognize the possibility of anything "higher" than heaven.

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Almost nothing of this came through in "The World of Peretz," where the sketch was played for sweetness and piety, and Mr. Sheffer spoke its concluding line with a neutrality of stress which suggested he had no clear idea as to what Peretz was doing.

But come to think of it: does one really have to know what Yiddish writers are doing? Can't one just assume they are all "warm" and "humane" and enamoured of "the little man?" That they are all *haimish* and quaint (*haimish* for the older folks, quaint for the younger . . .)? In this way one can approach Peretz with an amiable lack of discrimination, a good-hearted condescension, so that what emerges in Mr. Sheffer's adaptation is not Peretz's stories as molded by his fine intelligence, but the stories as they might have been before he touched them.

Yet some uneasiness remains. Suppose Mr. Sheffer had truly grasped the complexity and ambiguousness of Peretz's vision. Suppose he had seen that in Peretz we have a writer who is, paradoxically, both a Jewish culture-hero and a modern alienated artist. Would he then have been able to dramatize Peretz's work in a way that would satisfy a serious audience? The answer is not at all clear to me, for I am increasingly disposed to accept the view of Maurice Samuel, as expressed in his *Prince of the Ghetto,* that the work of a writer like Peretz is so interwoven with subtle and half-lost cultural references that it cannot be translated at all but must be "retold" with the aid of commentary and exegesis. And this may be more than the stage can handle.

"The World of Peretz" did not even approach these problems—that is the main complaint to be made against it. And the result is that the true *afficionado* of Yiddish must turn away in embarrassment, while the intelligent outsider has little choice but to conclude that the critics who praise Yiddish literature are guilty of a parochial enthusiasm.

In the last few years, things "Jewish" have suddenly become very popular in America, and among the more thoughtless journalists in the Yiddish and Anglo-Jewish press this has led to bouts of celebration. But those who care about Yiddish and have some sense of both its possibilities and limitations, may yet have to conclude that while the death of a culture is a tragic prospect, there are certain kinds of survival that might be even worse.

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COMING IN COMMENTARY

Liberalism and the Negro

A Round-Table Discussion

JAMES BALDWIN
NATHAN GLAZER
SIDNEY HOOK
GUNNAR MYRDAL

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THE ETHNIC GROUP

BEYOND THE MELTING POT. By NATHAN GLAZER and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN. *Joint Publication of M.I.T. and Harvard University Presses. 360 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by DANIEL BELL

IT WAS Israel Zangwill, the famous Anglo-Jewish writer, who coined the phrase "the melting pot." In 1908 he used it as the title of a play that proclaimed "America is God's Crucible . . . where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming!" A "fig for your feuds and vendettas!" cries David Quixano, the Russian Jewish "pogrom orphan" who has escaped to New York—"German and Frenchman, Irishman and Englishman, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all! God is making the American."

It has been a strange melt. Probably no other society, no other cosmopolitan culture, has produced a phenomenon comparable to the American ethnic group. The Rome of Constantine knew many different races and many strange gods, but the city remained predominantly Roman in its traditions and laws. In the Austro-Hungarian empire mingled dozens of different national groups, but its unity was spurious; once the imperial facade cracked, each group sprang into political life with its own national identity intact. America has truly been a melting pot, albeit not in the way that was originally foreseen. The distinctive language and culture of the immigrants were largely lost in the first and second generation. Yet, as Glazer and Moynihan write, "though stripped of their original attributes," the immigrants "were recreated as something new, but still as identifiable groups." They were "not a survival from the age of mass immigration but a new social form."

Beyond the Melting Pot is a study of five such groups in New York; it is also a study of the ethnic pattern itself, of which New York provides richly diverse examples. Boston has its Irish, Buffalo its Poles, Chicago its Slovaks, but New York has all these and more. From the start there was never a single majority in the city. In 1775, less than half the persons in New York were of English origin; the others were Dutch, Negro, French, and the like. In 1890, the Irish and German-born, with their first descendants, comprised 52 per cent of the city's population, but no other combination has approached that numerical majority since. In 1960, the breakdown was roughly 25 per cent Jewish, 16 per cent Italian, 14 per cent Negro, 10 per cent Irish, 10 per cent German, and 8 per cent Puerto Rican; the remaining 17 per cent were Poles, Russians, Ukrainians, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Greeks, Slovaks, Macedonians, Cypriots, Syrians, Lebanese, French, Dutch, Czech, Chinese, Japanese, Mexican—and WASP.* Equally important, 69 per cent have little more than the tie of one generation to the city: 19 per cent are foreign-born, 28 per cent are first-generation, 14 per cent are Negro (half of those above twenty years of age came originally from the South), and 8 per cent are Puerto Rican. The result has been an enforced pluralism where the consensus of democracy operates through an open and bold swapping of jobs, and status badges, among the ethnic groups. It is this rare rule of the *demos* which explains the vulgarity and the vitality of the city.

GLAZER and Moynihan have concentrated on the "internal" history of each of their groups—the Irish, Italian, Jewish, Negro, and Puerto Rican—in order to chart the complex emergence of this "new social form." Yet the external dimension—the social life of the city itself—is also important. The shaping force it exerted upon the new ethnic communities beginning more than a hundred and sixty years ago was a paradoxical mixture of political equality and social discrimination. By the turn of the 19th century, the aristocracy of New York quickly lost political control of the city when the "ragged aliens," having become citizens quite easily, could go to the polls. As Dixon Ryan Fox writes: ". . . when the naturalization law was changed, [DeWitt] Clinton's friends assembled a society to school the immigrant in party politics to swell his following." (This process is still being repeated today as in the recent proposal to change the literacy law so that those who are unable to read English but can read Spanish would be eligible to vote.)

But the WASPs remained the dominant cultural group and were able to impose their disdain of the immigrant and to enforce a pattern of racial discrimination against him. In the last century this rejection was quite vocal and open. For example, George Templeton Strong, an upper-class New York lawyer, a founder of the Columbia Law School, and a pillar of the community, wrote in his diary of 1838: "It was enough to turn a man's stomach—to make a man adjure republicanism forever . . . Wretched, filthy, bestial-looking Italians and Irish . . . the very scum and dregs of human nature filled the Clerk of Common Pleas office so completely that I was almost afraid of being poisoned by going in."

Discriminated against economically and socially, excluded from various professions and industries, the ethnic groups have readily used their political opportunities to advance the status and fortune of their leading members, which, in turn, has fostered ethnic loyalties and pride.

BUT EXTERNAL pressure is rarely sufficient to sustain a coherent group feeling for any length of time. An additional factor—usually ignored but obvious when considered in context—is the psychological need everyone has for some specific

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group identity, a need that is not usually satisfied by the larger groups, be they national or religious. Though from one perspective, Great Britain is a national society, its Scottish and Welsh minorities nonetheless maintain strong separatist characteristics to this day; and even within England, the people of Northumberland and Yorkshire preserve their distinctive cultural traits. One can argue that this merely reflects the imprint of local cultures which may yet be erased by the mass media; however, this position slights the deep-rooted need of people to maintain some parochial marks—and to have them acknowledged as such by outsiders. These nuances of difference become cards of identity. Within the United States, the regional signs of being a New Englander, a Texan, a Southerner, a Kentucky hillbilly, have come to represent proto-group identities.

These identities are sustained not only by culture and language, particularly dialect, but perhaps most importantly by the continuity of family. In describing ancient Greece or Rome, the older social evolutionists would posit a series of stages from family to polity which they regarded as the process —exemplified in law—by which the larger social unit of the city or nation was created. And parochial group identity has been strongest where there has been a strong continuity of family (historically, in the upper classes through the property system) and of family relationships. The core of the Glazer-Moynihan book is their brilliant treatment of the nature of family patterns in explaining the persistence of ethnic groups.

Moreover, family patterns can help to explain not only the persistence, but also the variations of behavior of ethnic groups. For example, Glazer and Moynihan raise the question of why the Negro community has developed so few business enterprises (the basis for the economic growth of the Jews, the Irish, and the Italians alike), and find one answer in the fact that one-fourth of the 353,000 Negro families—in contrast to less than one-tenth of the white families—are headed by women. This single statistic sheds enormous light on group motivational patterns and economic behavior as well as on the problem of family instability among the Negroes of New York. To account for the differences between Negroes and Puerto Ricans in their economic initiative and purposes, Glazer and Moynihan point to the role within Puerto Rican life of the *compadre* and *comadre,* the "co-parents" from another generation, who give the family a more durable structure. Or in discussing the differences between Jews and Italians, where in both instances the family is strong and the emotional quality similarly high and uninhibited, they use the contrasting roles of the father—feared by the Italians, frequently ignored by the Jews—to explain the dissimilar achievement drives in the two groups. In the immigrant Italian family, achievement is measured concretely by the son's contribution to specific family interests, and the father retains control, while Jewish parents are gratified symbolically by a son's achievement, even when their own way of life remains relatively unchanged.

THE STRIKING use of the "strategic statistic" from census data combined with social history gives the Glazer-Moynihan book a unique place in recent sociological literature. Its style has a special relevance to a major problem in this field, the growing divergence (in a distinction utilized by Robert Merton) between "academic sociology" and what might be called "sociography."

Academic sociology is increasingly less interested in description and history; its method of studying ethnic groups would be to search for a formal set of typologies which could be related to analytical categories. Thus one might classify ethnic groups according to some "constructed" family types (e.g., "traditional" and "modernizing," or "extended" and "nuclear") and seek to relate these types to different kinds of social mobility (e.g., intragenerational, intergenerational, and the like). Then one would specify a set of propositions that stipulate the conditions under which different rates of mobility within the different ethnic groups might be produced. Following the logic of this kind of inquiry, one would then seek to generalize further by applying these results to some more abstract variable such as the degree of social cohesion in a group, so as to explain variations in classes of phenomena.

To the untutored, particularly those who engage in sociology-baiting, all of this smacks of "jargon," and when the analytical method is used by the semi-skilled sociologist it often produces little else. But in the hands of skilled practitioners like Durkheim or Robert Merton, it yields important results about such problems as suicide or delinquency or the social strains involved in the roles of scientists and professionals. Or, in S. M. Lipset's work, it helps explain the variations in political structure between the United States, Canada, Australia, and the "mother culture" of Great Britain by tracing the vicissitudes of the idea of equality in each society.

The point to be made here is that there is no contradiction between the two approaches. The descriptive and historical method—the basis of sociography—is often richer and more lively because of its greater proximity to events, but it is also a necessary condition of the analytical, since the relevant typologies can be identified only after intensive "sociographic" work. A common failing among too many of the younger academic sociologists is the premature construction of formal categories before sufficient historical research has been done; thus their typologies are not genuinely abstract but merely empty. The strength of the Glazer-Moynihan book is that the shoemakers have stuck to their last and have done what they can do best: an informed, speculative discussion of concrete phenomena. Yet both authors are sufficiently versed in the formal sociological method to adopt a scheme which attempts to explain variations in group structure through the consistent use of a relevant variable—in this instance, the distinctive kind of family life.

The foregoing discussion of method inevitably slights the unusual variety and vividness of social observation which fills this book. However, two sections of *Beyond the Melting Pot* have already been adapted in COMMENTARY*—and its readers are able to appreciate these qualities for themselves. Also it is in these pages that one can digress to make some necessary remarks about the misunderstanding that

* July and August, 1963.

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currently surrounds the provenance of sociology.

As FOR the future of New York's ethnic groups, the influence of nationality, as the authors point out, is declining, and "religion and race seem to define the major groups into which American society is evolving." This tendency is already apparent in the present generation: the Nazi experience has reshaped the Jewish community by increasing its self-consciousness, the school-aid issue has given a new solidarity to the Catholics, the northward migration has made the Negro politically influential and active. And these tendencies will continue. Glazer and Moynihan predict the formation in the future of a broader Catholic group in which distinctions among Irish, Italian, Polish, and German will be reduced by intermarriage; a Jewish community in which the line between descendants of German Jews and East European Jews is erased; a Negro class; and finally, a growing white Protestant group which will incorporate the German and Scandinavian Protestants with the Anglo-Saxon and old Dutch.

However, all this may be too one-sided. It pays little attention to the changing economy of America as a whole or the formation of a new kind of labor force which will have quite different impacts on the various groups. Further, Glazer and Moynihan fail to specify a time dimension. One of the reasons why the assimilationist or melting-pot vision proved inadequate was just this failure to appreciate the length of time it takes for pervasive social change to be accomplished. After all, most of the major ethnic groups in the city have been here for less than two full generations. And as for the Irish, whose cycle has been longer, its source of group coherence has been not only religion but also class; most of the Irish were workers, and it was this fact at least as much as the difference of religion that retarded their acceptance by the middle- and upper-class Protestant society. However, a large portion of the Irish community has now become middle-class, and the Irish-Catholic Church is changing as well.

The question this poses is whether religion and nationality will still be strong enough to mark off a group in *political* as well as social terms. My guess is that they will not. The changes in the structure of power created by the erosion of property as a significant variable and the striking emergence of technical skill as the necessary condition for holding high positions have already increased, as I have discussed elsewhere, the sense of "dispossession"—the loss of place and power in the society—that is felt by the older business and professional members of middle-class America. And the transformation of the labor force in which class society is increasingly becoming "color society" heightens the sense of resentment felt by the Negro community. It is these conflicts of class and color expressed through the political process which will become the crucible in the next fifty years. And it is in this way that America is likely to move beyond the old melting pot.

LEARNING POEMS

POETRY: A CLOSER LOOK. By JAMES M. REID, JOHN CIARDI, and LAURENCE PERRINE. *Harcourt, Brace and World. 117 pp. $3.50.*

Reviewed by IRVING FELDMAN

LAST YEAR one young candidate for Miss America, being quizzed by the emcee about her beliefs, spoke of the collaboration between man and the Holy Spirit in fostering a "superior product." (She was using "product" in its contemporary sense: not something that has been produced but something that is to be sold.) *Poetry: A Closer Look* is such a "superior product." It is a palpably physical thing, a sort of "kit" constituted by the variety of colors, thicknesses, textures, and layouts of which paper is capable—not unlike the paper fiddle-faddle (or "trip menu") placed on the backs of bus seats to keep the passengers' hands busy and their minds empty. All of this is designed to convey the modernity and scientificalness of "programmed instruction, the revolutionary new self-study method"—for where would science be without orange ruled lines, light-blue bookmarks ("Use a card to cover up the answer column. Move the card down to uncover the correct answer"), and gray answer columns? And where would poetry be without science's "students of learning," their "psychological principles and teaching techniques" brought together "in a systematic, coherent, *controlled* approach to learning," their "more than a thousand readers" who have pre-tested all the answers in order to "reduce the likelihood of incorrect responses?"

This book proposes, then, as many others have, to place culture under the auspices of science. Its method of Programmed Instruction or, more familiarly, P.I., is summarized by the authors as follows:

1. The information to be learned is broken down into a series of short statements or steps.
2. Each step asks a question or otherwise requires an active response.
3. The steps are arranged so that the responses are likely to be correct ones.
4. The reader finds out *immediately* whether his responses are correct.

Now, there may be somewhere in Mouseland some minuscule body of knowledge and some corresponding intelligence that the simple-minded behaviorism implicit in all this might serve to bring together. But can there really be a mind worth educating, however school-scarred and diffident, that would not be dulled and stifled by the Method—by its mere correctness, its lugubrious, anonymous, savorless prose, its laborious nitwittedness? Poetry gets learned like anything else, by means of the human concern it evokes, the curiosity it arouses, the delight it gives. And the appropriate instruction is precisely the criticism that conveys the concern and delight of a mind confronting the works that excite it. Not the universal mind but someone's mind, eccentric, opinionated, or indecisive, but with its individual style sensitive to the ventures, ellipses, and surprises of thinking. P.I., at least as we have it in the closed system of Mr. Reid's questions and responses, gives none of this, and instead depresses the understanding and the imagination. With its vapid pseudo-scientific stylelessness, the prose of a mediocrity close to madness, it is merely the baloney of the usual textbook served up in pre-sliced packages—and with an insulting air of benevolence, as if the

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reader had not put out $3.50 for what amounts to a paltry anthology of thirty-eight poems ("carefully arranged and graded in difficulty," to be sure), two slight essays by Mr. Perrine and Mr. Ciardi in what the book calls with perfect justice "conventional prose," and Mr. Reid's section of P.I.

The case of the textbook ought not to be slurred over with the word "usual," since it forms no small part of the scandal of education in America. The textbook industry must take large responsibility for the fact that American college students have, generally, no conception of what thought is, wish to reduce all matters of opinion and interest to correct answers, are unwilling to live with their own questions, their puzzlement and wonder, and want most, as P.I. promises, to "feel better and learn better." *Poetry: A Closer Look* would not be worth noticing if it did not seem likely to contribute abundantly to this stupor of trivial certainties that passes for education. Indeed, the selling point of P.I. is that it will make learning "take place more rapidly and efficiently." This implies that the end of "learning" a poem is known. It is not, so long as education and poetry still have something to do with civilization. "Correct" and "erroneous" cannot properly be used to characterize "responses" to poems.

And what does this book actually have to say about poetry? We are given some critical vocabulary (symbol, ambiguity, resonance), a strange though fashionable aesthetic that opposes simplicity to profundity (which is equated with complexity) and asks the reader to identify with the poem. There is also a dull reading of Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" that blows the poem up into a platitudinous generality and, by the way, misses in it a certain sly and evergreen smugness that so often betrays the hand of the master. There is also a set of seven "guides to reading poetry"—"Read and reread," "Recognize the symbols and respond to both the underlying ideas and their emotional power," etc.

Now, for a few examples. Here is P.I. avuncular:

> Read the poem aloud to yourself or a few friends. You might read it right now if you are in a proper spot. If you are not in a suitable place for actual reading aloud, lip-read the poem. Form the words with your lips and tongue even though you do not actually utter them. Lip-reading prose is not desirable, but under some circumstances it is all right to — - - poetry.
>
> lip-read

This book, you will remember, is addressed to normal adults.

Here are two examples of the Method in full sail. The subject of the first is the Frost poem, of the second, Thomas Hardy's "The Man He Killed":

> Identify means to "become one with." Your occasional loneliness merged with the narrator's loneliness—a deep and universal human experience. You identified yourself with the narrator. For a moment you become ———————— with the man in the poem.
>
> one or identified
>
> Did you i–fy yourself with the speaker in the poem? ——Have you ever experienced the horror of war: in your reading, at the theater, on television, or in life?
>
> identify
>
> Your answer
>
> Your answer

I don't believe that "loneliness" and "horror of war" as they occur in these bland, silly, condescending sentences are human expressions. If they are, then I no longer know what either of them means.

Now, reader, perhaps you feel as I do, that you have been made a member of the great public patronized by the anonymous demagogues of advertising. How dare they be so familiar without showing their contempt! The final indignity —it is the currency of our public life—is just this withheld contempt.

Reader, do you feel as I do? Do you i–fy yourself with me?

Your answer.

VALIDATION AND TENDERNESS

THE CONDITIONS OF HUMAN GROWTH. By JANE PEARCE, M.D., and SAUL NEWTON. *Citadel Press. 444 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

THE ONLY American psychoanalyst to formulate a distinct theoretical system, Harry Stack Sullivan, died in 1949. His work has been continued and extended, primarily through the William Alanson White Institute of Psychoanalysis which he helped found. Psychiatrists associated with the Institute have, through the years, applied Sullivan's theoretical formulations and point of view to the study of a wide variety of psychosocial phenomena and relationships; the name of Patrick Mullahy, as author and as editor, probably provides the general reader with the most efficient clue to the body of material to which Sullivan's thought has led.

Comparatively little of this work has, however, been directed toward the extension of Sullivan's thought about the therapeutic process itself, as distinct from related philosophical issues, and from considerations of human character-formation and patterns of interpersonal relationship outside the clinical context. *The Conditions of Human Growth* is just such an extension. The book does not pretend to a theoretical novelty, nor is it wholly Sullivanian in inspiration (the authors indicate the intellectual sources on which they have drawn in a brief foreword). It is addressed to the clinician, and will be hard for any reader not already familiar with Sullivan's vocabulary and special concepts to understand. It seems to be deliberately underwritten; though the writing is clear enough in the sense of being precise and unambiguous, it comes out sketchy, at once abstract and aphoristic, with fewer illustrations than I should have liked. Doubtless for these reasons, it has not been getting much attention from general reviewers.

This is unfortunate, because Pearce and Newton have something important to say to anyone interested in how people become or fail to become as human as they can, and they say it with a consistency and solidity of moral purpose, and an understanding of the relationship of early experience to subsequent development, that cannot be got round. This book is clumsy and opaque, like Theodore Dreiser, or like a jeep; it grinds forward to where the authors want to go and stops wherever a process crucial to the human spirit may be observed. The vehicle is nothing at all aesthetically; the journey is dusty, bumpy, and uncomfortable. But by the time you get to the end you

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have seen how things are close up. There isn't a phoney word in it.

Of all major psychoanalytic theorists, Harry Stack Sullivan was least impressed by the differences between the normal and the mentally ill. He quite blithely undertook to treat psychotic individuals by psychoanalysis, often with marked success; his powers of personal empathy seem to have made it possible for him to function, when necessary, as a kind of honorary psychotic himself. From Sullivan, Pearce and Newton have inherited this salutary common sense in the face of extreme emotional disorder. The fourth section of their book deals, for clinical convenience, with the conventional categories of crazy people, and in terms relevant to treatment. But to these alienists nothing human is alien or free of the process of alienation. There is no discontinuity between this section of the book and its more theoretical predecessors; Pearce and Newton's conception of insanity includes no exotic element.

ALL psychoanalytic systems are by nature dynamic, since they explain human character and personality as the interplay among largely unconscious and stable psychic forces. Freud's model, of course, makes use of three familiar protagonists: id, superego, and ego, with the last continuously engaged in an effort to bring the entire system to viable terms with reality's demands. Pearce and Newton see human growth as a continuous struggle between the *integral personality* and the *self-system*. The self-system is the *evil* force. This is confusing at first, because most popular Neo-Freudian formulations see the growth-struggle as waged by the emerging self against personal and social forces of confusion and alienation. But the self-system is shown here as acting on behalf of these forces, in attempting to forestall the eruption of the unbearable anxieties caused the infant by the mother's inevitable withdrawal from and rejection of certain aspects of its vitality. Thus, from the beginning, socialization becomes a form of unconscious and painful hypocrisy by which the individual conceals from himself aspects of his being that are truly integral to his development, but whose offensiveness to others gives him reason to fear abandonment and exposure. The cliché about not throwing the baby out with the bathwater is not very amusing to babies, especially if their mothers are sensitive to dirt or nudity.

The self-system, then, is what T. S. Eliot refers to in *The Cocktail Party:*

> They don't mean to do harm, but the harm does not interest them;
> Or they do not see it, or they justify it,
> Because they are absorbed in the endless struggle
> To think well of themselves.

The integral personality, on the other hand, is what we might have grown to be had we encountered, from the beginning, other persons who could have responded with tenderness, with no element of aversion or anxiety, without fussing. If we love someone, we can even let him be.

This tender response to the active being of another person, Pearce and Newton call *validation*. Validation does not imply approval; indeed, it can often be conveyed by anger, provided the person who arouses the anger is not a helpless victim. But anger, like any form of real concern, may express love; what matters is that it be an authentic response to the other's real qualities. All validation brings the person into closer touch with himself; and the act of validation can only be performed by individuals to the extent that they are in touch with each other. Tenderness, then, is expressed through continuous authenticity of response. Without it growth ceases; when there is too little tenderness or only tenderness contaminated with grossly inauthentic elements, growth is grievously distorted. This principle, Pearce and Newton make clear, holds throughout life. What is peculiar to infancy is not the infant's need for tenderness; even Konrad Adenauer needs tenderness, though he may by now be incapable of accepting it. It is the infant's helplessness, dependency on a single source of tenderness, and, especially, its lack of language with which to sort its experience out that make it particularly vulnerable. Early distortions are always more serious, since they deform later development. But infancy is no peculiar institution; if it were, adults could not respond to emotional maiming by remaining so truly infantile.

There is, to be sure, nothing novel about any of this; it might all be found, expressed in very different style, in the writings of, say, Martin Buber. What *is* unusual is finding such values expressed in specific, clinical, and situational terms. The book functions as a sort of Field Manual of *Buberismus*, and belongs crudely to the genre of writers like Machiavelli or La Rochefoucauld who make no distinction between theory and practice. Pearce and Newton write about human growth by fusing the concrete and the immediate to generalized moral principles, much as the soundly growing individual himself assimilates new experiences into a diffuse but consistently organized integral personality. To this extent, at least, the book provides its own internal source of validation for their point of view.

OF MITHS AND MYTHS

THE PROMISED END: ESSAYS AND REVIEWS, 1942-1962. By STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN. *World. 380 pp. $6.50.*

Reviewed by FRANK KERMODE

MR. HYMAN is an efficient and indefatigable expositor—a man resembling in some ways the Babel character he discusses, who, turning to natural knowledge, assimilated it with the same fury he used on the Talmud. Mr. Hyman is soul-hydroptic with a secular thirst.

These essays are some of his occasional writings over twenty years. The earliest in the book is a piece on Steinbeck written in his twenty-fourth year, and if only for that reason remarkable. It foretells much that was to come. That is quite a lot; *The Promised End* is what Mr. Hyman calls a "whopping" book, if that word means (as I conjecture) "large." It treats of a considerable variety of topics, including literature (in a smaller proportion than might have been expected). Hyman enjoys, and is skillful at, reviewing vast compendia—collections of various kinds, dictionaries of this and that; and one or two of these pieces might tempt somebody to a comparison with C. K. Ogden's famous review

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of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Hyman's own compendium puts *his* reviewer in a similar position; and, by his real pleasure in observing slips or controvertible statements, inspires a desire in me to do likewise. This must be controlled.

Still, in his review of the *Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church,* one of his liveliest pieces in this kind, he quotes with gestures of amazement what is said of Newman: "His genius has come to be more and more recognized after his death and his influence both on the restoration of RC-ism in England and the advance of Catholic ideas in the C of E can hardly be exaggerated." But this is sober fact, and not evidence for the contention (which is, however, supported by other citations) that Newman is the "hero" of this Anglican compilation. To requite this venial slip, Hyman has a good joke in the same article when he quotes the *ODCC* as saying that Oxford's "close and continuous connection with the life of the Church is shewn by the trials of T. Cranmer, N. Ridley, and H. Latimer in the University Church of St. Mary"; which he finds "a peculiar way of saying that three English Protestant martyrs, educated at Cambridge, were burned at Oxford."

The essay on "Words and Sensibilities," which is good in its way, makes some debatable points. The term "U" in the boring English joke-controversy, means simply "upper class," not "university." Anyway that was what Ross, who invented it, said it meant. Hyman's skepticism concerning Fowler's statement that some people said *mīth* for *myth* is quite unjustified, for Oxford is still crowded with them. On the debasement of words: to speak of having a passion for strawberries is *not* to use a word of which the sense has degenerated from that of the Christian "Passion," nor is it parallel to the debasement of the word "agony" in such expression as "I'm in agony with my feet." Still, it is a debasement. Mr. Hyman has a grudging respect for Fowler, labeling him custodian of the doctrine of *kurion onoma,* the idea that everything has a true name; but he doesn't appear to reflect on the important role played by the clerisy (who retain some respect for this mīth even when they learn as undergraduates that it *is* a myth) in retarding the rate of change in language when there are so many powerful parties anxious to benefit by the abolition of artificial precision. On the short life of euphemisms he is interesting, and one is grateful for the information that "poppycock" means "a cake of pap-shaped liquid dung."

THUS FAR I reflect Mr. Hyman's Coleridgean passion for (if I may use the expression) multeity. To see him at work on the proliferation of Christian heresy is a real pleasure. But he has also a "passion for" unity, and devises a dialectic to fit the historical course of heresy. This is characteristic. Parts of this book were written while Mr. Hyman labored at *The Armed Vision,* and evidently represent an attempt to synthesize some of its more appealing ideas. The sources of this synthesis are clearly Kenneth Burke, to whom this book is dedicated; orthodox Freudianism, for which Hyman is a tireless propagandist; and certain modern mythographers and anthropologists. This is the beast that heaves its back from time to time out of the brisk waters of Mr. Hyman's prose.

I am not in a position to blame Mr. Hyman for being repetitive, and in a necessarily scrappy book of this kind it is in fact a useful way of showing the writer is bringing a serious working mind to the job of reviewing. At the root of Hyman's multitudinous reporting on literature and learning are beliefs of the following kind: myth is a "verbalization of collective ritual experience," the *legomena* of the ritual *dromena;* the therapeutic utility of ritual is preserved in myth no matter how its "folk" transmission may vary it; these variations are effected by processes to which Freudian terms may be applied more or less analogically—displacement, projection, rationalization—and the consequent structural changes are explained as necessary to the social function of myth as conceived by Malinowski. The descendant (or analogue) of this non-cognitive and healing myth is great art as we understand it (though Hyman follows Scott Buchanan in discovering a ritual basis even in the procedures of the physical sciences). In art of this character one can, he insists, discover the basic movement of myth, and he likes to render this as triple, in the manner of Burke and Fergusson. Finally, art is "symbolic action," a sophisticated and private ritual purgation.

Mr. Hyman knows very well the difficulties inherent in this position. One of them is to reconcile a post-Malinowskian anthropology with a Frazerian syncretism which to a modern anthropologist seems simply prehistoric. Even more difficult is the familiar Freudian dilemma caused by the master's apparent failure to sort out art and neurotic fantasy; as Hyman notices, this has severely inhibited the development of a Freudian criticism. Third and worst, most of what we can agree to call "great literature" differs from myth in many more ways than it resembles it, and this makes it hard to say what use the resemblances are when you have noticed them.

THE FIRST of these objections Hyman disposes of by emphasizing the importance of structure and function, and rejecting "memory traces" and "archetypes"; he is a rationalist. The second provokes him to a pretty passionate defense of orthodox Freudianism. He tells us flatly that we are "deeply and irremediably sick," and that literature, which would not exist if we weren't, is the only "honest doctor," the one who tells you the case is hopeless. He despises the neo-Freudians who deny the master's tragic vision, telling us not to worry so much and to develop enlightened self-interest; adding that if a true psychoanalysis could make us all really happy he would gladly give art away. This shows us what Hyman thinks art is for. Certainly there is some confusion, as his recognition of the third objection also suggests, for he says right out that "literature is analogous to myth . . . but is not itself myth." This is obviously true, but how then are we to explain Hyman's insistence on the continuity (via the "folk," a concept he duly purges of 19th-century error) of the ritual tradition? If it has come straight down to literature, and if the only difference is that, having lost the communal myths, we have surrogate rites piped to us privately for

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symbolic action in our own studies, then literature is much more than analogous to ritual; Mr. Hyman is not an *analogue* of his ancestors.

On the whole this seems to be a sophisticated version of a venerable and romantic view of art as the solace of a sick society. It may be dangerous (it *is* dangerous when Hyman tells artists to choose a basic myth and work on it) but it results in some pretty striking passages, such as those defending Freud as the man who rediscovered the possibilities of tragedy in the modern world, and those devoted to sniping at the Jungians. Anyway, here is a set of ideas which are permutated and combined in various ingenious ways. One instance is in a central essay called "Psychoanalysis and Tragedy"; the corruption of Freudianism is compared with the softening found in some modern authors who are said to lose the tragic vision and go in for a revived Emersonian optimism. Thus Hemingway, authentically tragic in *The Sun Also Rises,* which illustrates the movement "from Purpose through Passion to Perception," is a bathetic optimist in *Across the River* and *The Old Man and the Sea*; Faulkner likewise moves from *Light in August* to "optimistic comedy," and Eliot from *The Waste Land* to *The Confidential Clerk*. This may not be wholly serious, and Hyman (who says he is a "florid endomorph") seems to be enjoying it. I agree that in these cases the earlier works are the better, but do not need Mr. Hyman's extravagant hypothesis to explain why a man who wrote a good book should later write a worse one. But generally Hyman is serious; he maintains his central doctrine unequivocatingly, and has developed it more ambitiously, if less carefully, than John Holloway, who has recently spoken in England for a similarly post-Malinowskian, non-Jungian myth-theory.

Anyway, Hyman is an unusual writer, and the book is one more proof that criticism is now a calling for creative people who don't find the ordinary forms congenial, and also for people who like knowledge without caring to be scholars. He has a rhetorical variety which is probably the reward of journalistic practice (academics who snub literary journalists should try their hand and see how journalism, practiced in moderation, clears the mind), and he devours books and theories as poets are said to devour experience. You rarely find him engaged hand-to-hand with a book; there are hints as to what he might do to *Moby Dick,* and some pretty elaborate guesses on Thoreau; but what he really likes best, I think, is potting books and especially big miscellaneous books, where he can seek generalizations in diverse material. This, to be strict, keeps him in the second rank; and so, in spite of his attempts to evade the charge, does his preoccupation with genetic theories of literature. He genially quotes against himself an observation of R. W. B. Lewis that he is "more concerned with seeds, psyches and material causes" than with "perfections, forms, and final causes." Yet you feel he can handle the latter if he chooses; perhaps in another volume he will. Finally, as a man convicted of fancy titles, I have tried and failed to find excuse or even explanation for this one.

Book Reviewers in this Issue

Daniel Bell *is professor of sociology at Columbia. His most recent contribution was "Reflections on Jewish Identity" (June 1961).*

Irving Feldman *is a poet who teaches at Kenyon College. His first collection,* Works and Days, *was published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in 1961.*

Edgar Z. Friedenberg *is completing a study of American high schools, parts of which appeared in our June and November 1963 numbers.*

Frank Kermode, *the well-known English critic, is a new contributor. Mr. Kermode's most recent book is* Puzzles and Epiphanies *(Chilmark).*

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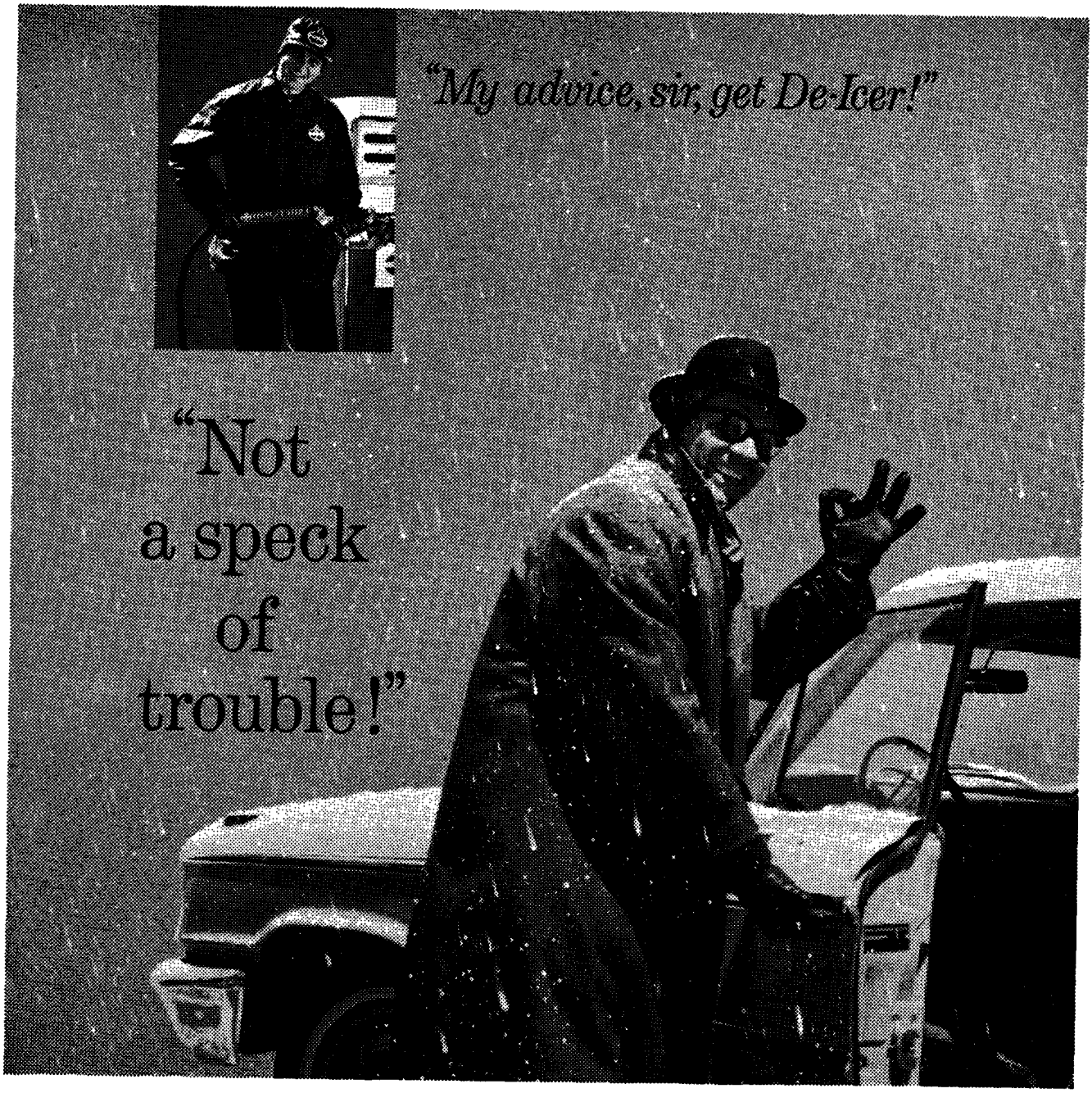

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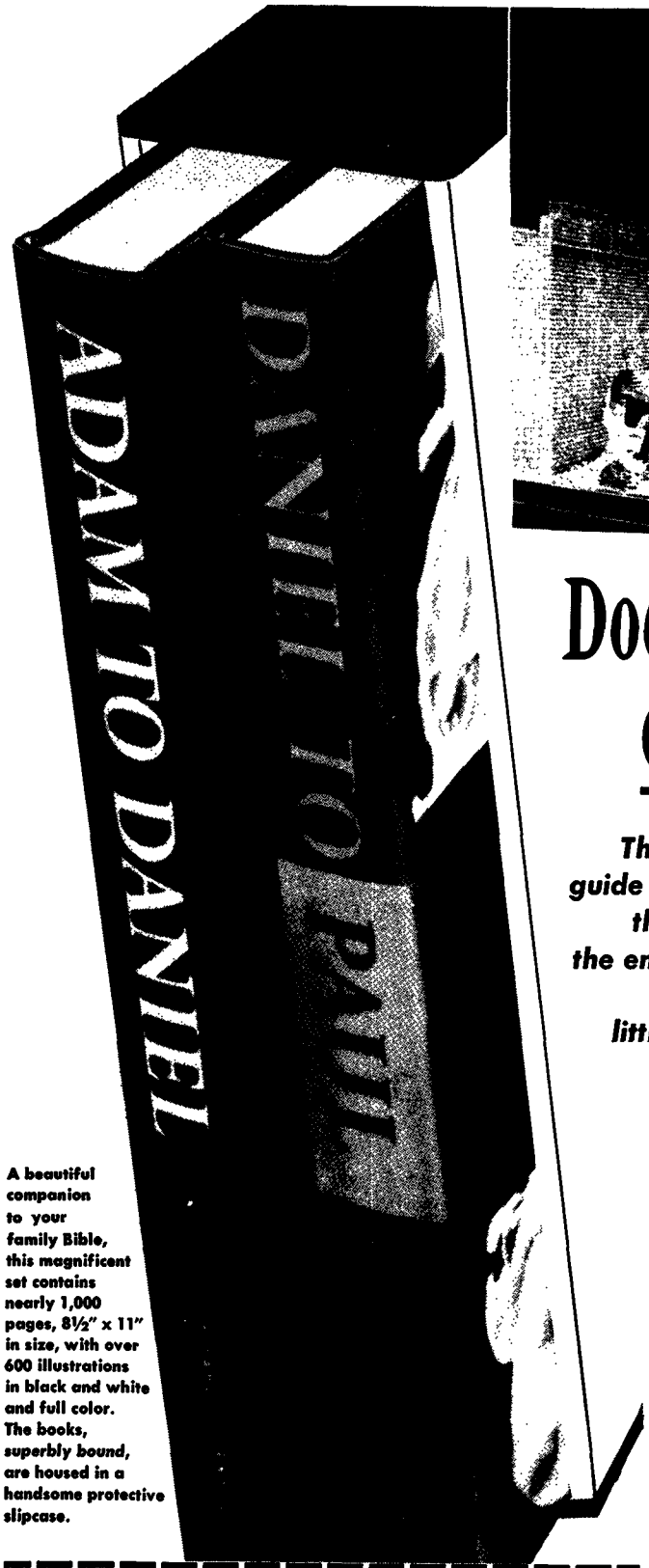

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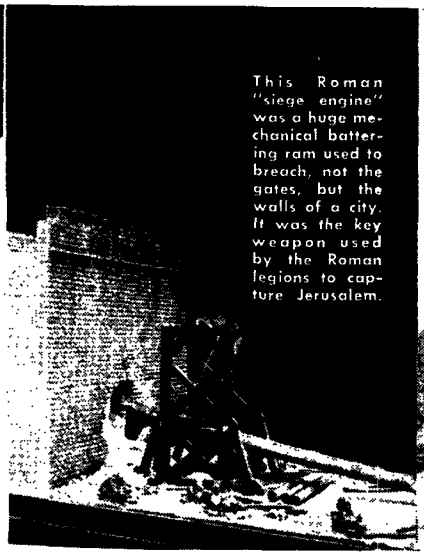

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